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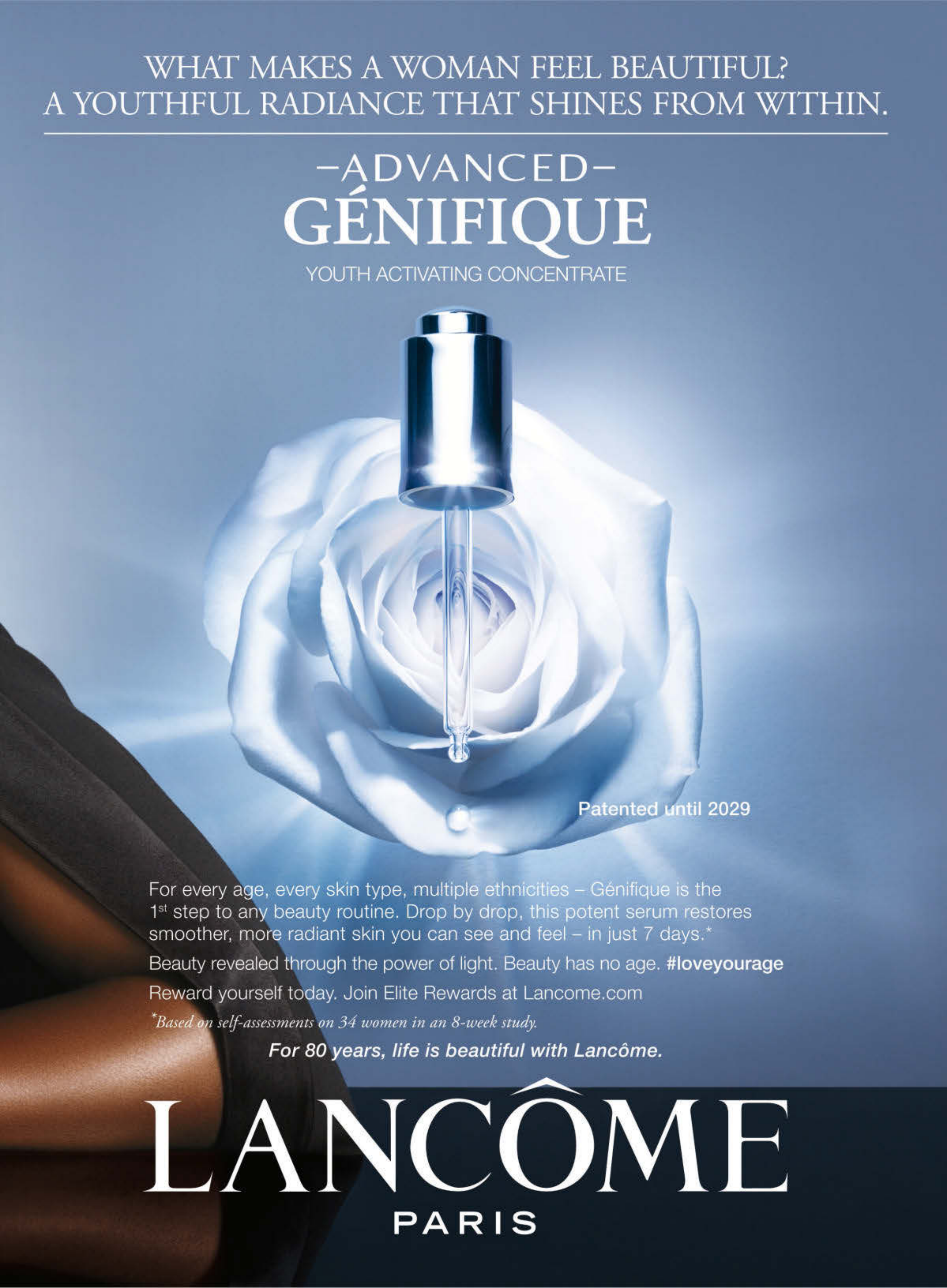

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FEATURES

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By RICH COHEN Since vaulting to a whole new level of acclaim in last year’s *Foxcatcher,* **Channing Tatum** has been working with Quentin Tarantino, the Coen brothers, and other longtime idols. This month, the 35-year-old leading man reprises his role as a male stripper, for *Magic Mike XXL.* Photographs by Annie Leibovitz.

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94 **THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND**
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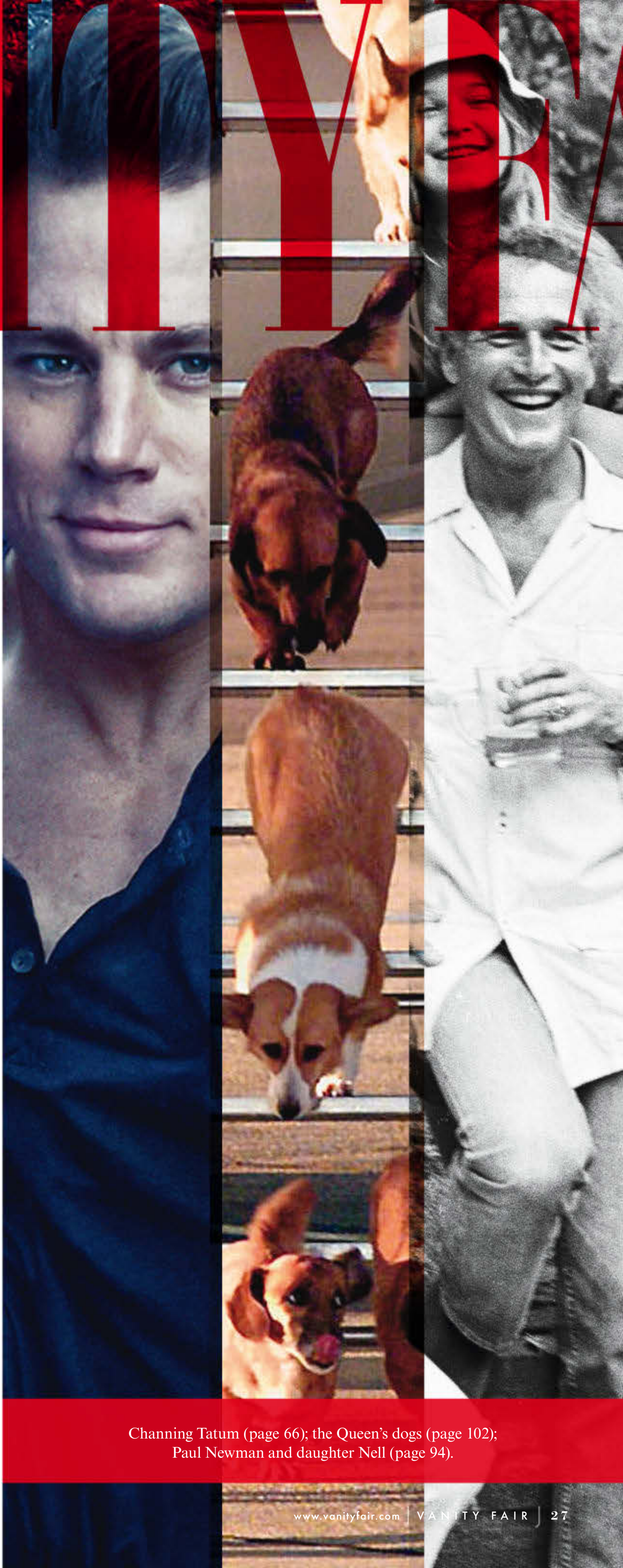
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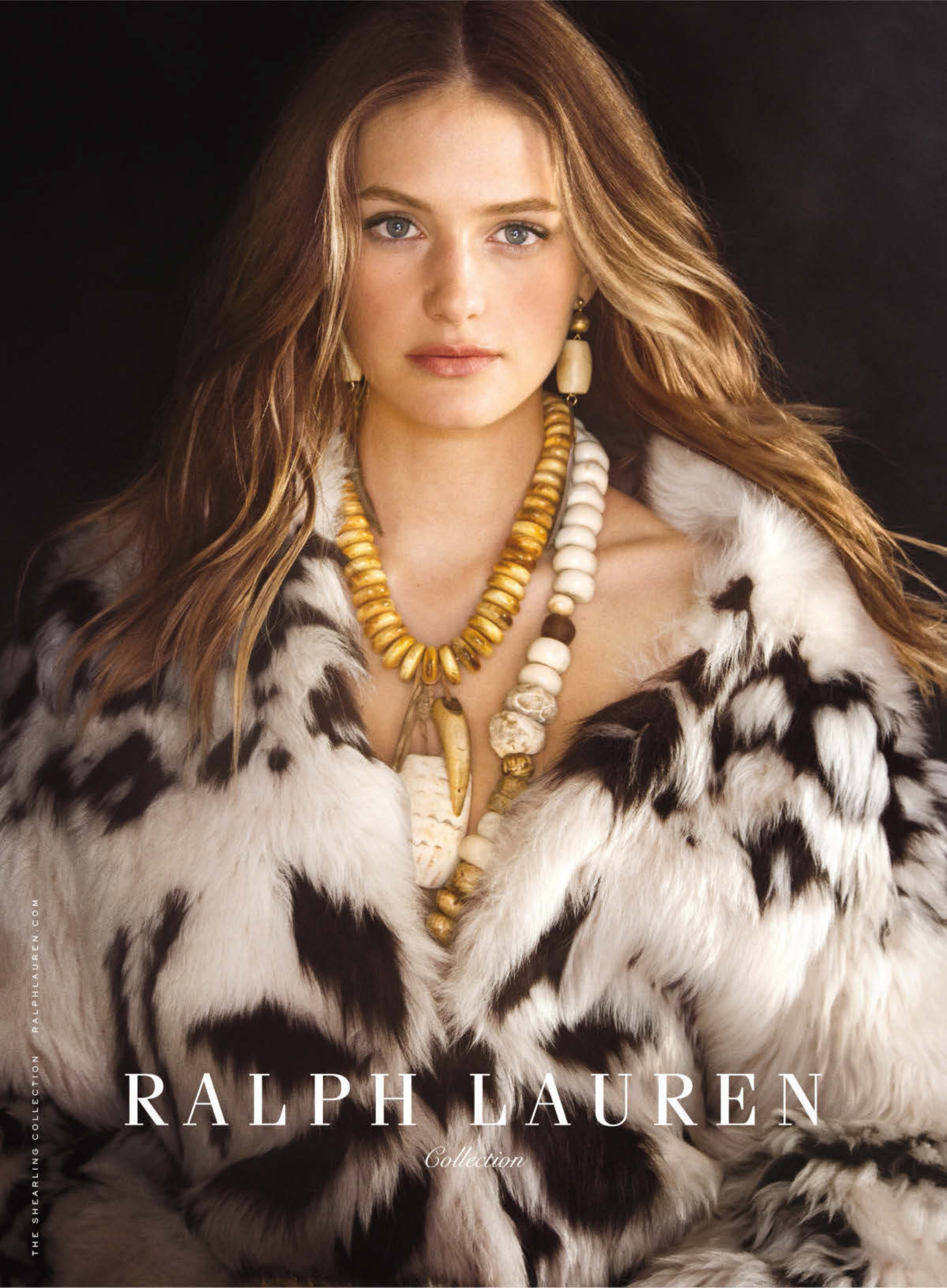
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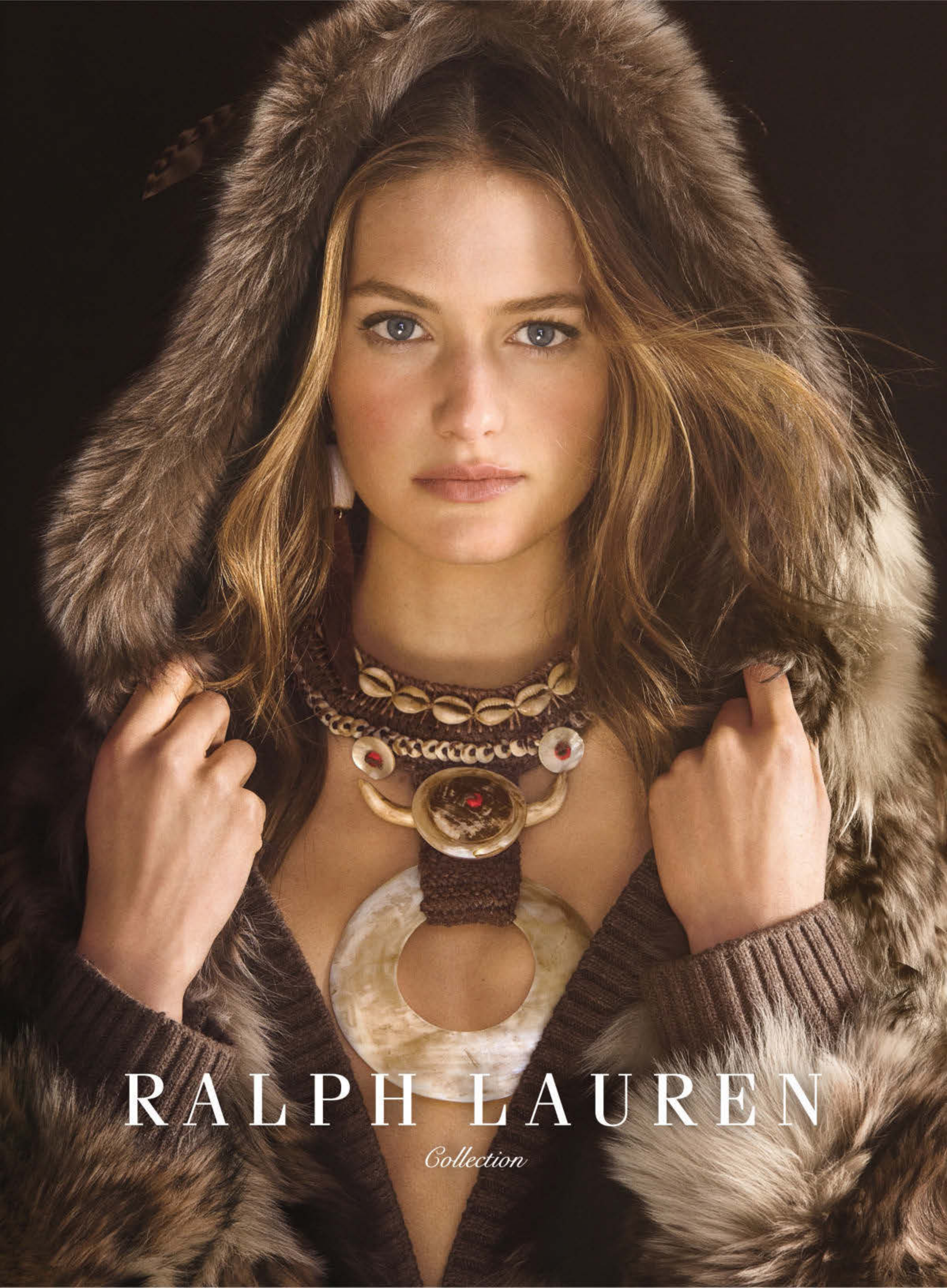
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WARE PHOTOGRAPHED BY KENNETH WILLARDT; HAT BY KOKIN; SHOES BY JIMMY CHOO. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN FULTON/GALLERY STOCK (PARIS), DANIEL GARCIA/AFP/GETTY IMAGES (CAMBIASO). ILLUSTRATION BY RISKO

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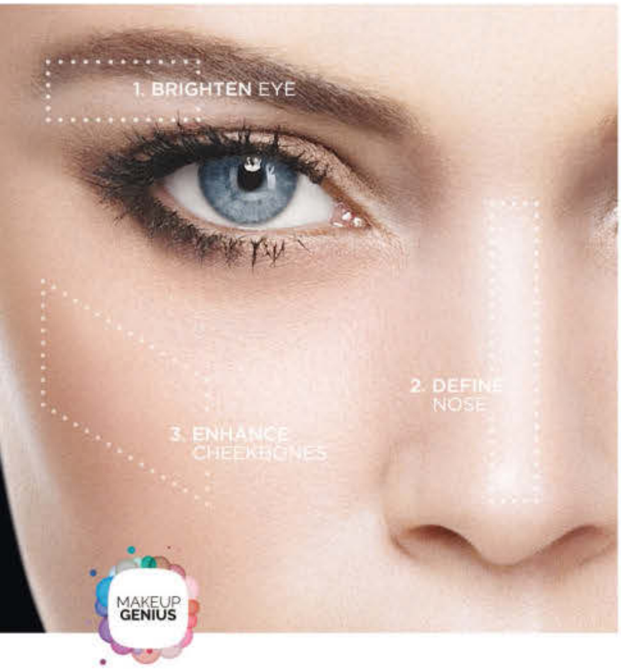

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ROGER COHEN

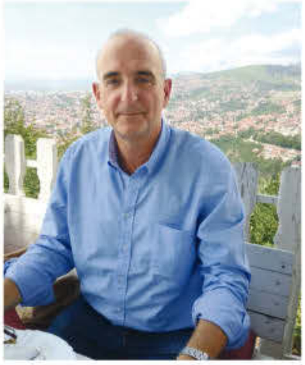
For his *Vanity Fair* debut, Roger Cohen wrote about the future of the French satirical magazine *Charlie Hebdo* ("The *Charlie* War," page 84). "Personally, I'm a free-speech absolutist," says Cohen, who has written extensively about the Middle East for *The New York Times* and is the author of *The Girl from Human Street,* a memoir about his Jewish heritage. "France, with its large Muslim and Jewish communities, is an uneasy place today. Dialogue is the only answer."

MICHAEL JOSEPH GROSS

While reading biographies of Queen Elizabeth II, Contributing Editor Michael Joseph Gross was struck by the fleeting mentions of her beloved corgis. In "Her Most Loyal Subjects" (page 102), Gross fills this canine lacuna to reveal how an obscure breed of working farm dogs grew in royal favor. "They might be the loves of her life—they've been with her even longer than her husband—and, certainly, they are a key to what makes her a great leader," says Gross.

MARIE BRENNER

In 2003, Writer-at-Large Marie Brenner wrote for this magazine about intensifying anti-Semitism in France. Following the *Charlie Hebdo* and Hyper Cacher supermarket attacks, in January, she reconnected with that article's central figure, retired Jewish police commissioner Sammy Ghozlan (for "Paris Is Burning," page 76). "I was astonished," Brenner says, "that even Ghozlan, the tenacious founder of Paris's first anti-Semitic crime hotline, has moved to Israel to join the thousands of Jews leaving France."



RICH COHEN

For the second time, Contributing Editor Rich Cohen profiles actor Channing Tatum for *Vanity Fair* ("Channing Tatum's Extra Gear," page 66). "He's attempting to model his career on his own heroes, the last of the real movie stars, like Paul Newman," says Cohen. One aspect of that transformation, adds Cohen, is the air of mystery Tatum cultivates. "You end up projecting onto him what you want him to be. I think he knows what his strengths are."

HALEY COHEN

The Argentina and Uruguay correspondent for *The Economist,* Haley Cohen began researching her article on the cloning of polo ponies in Argentina ("Game of Clones," page 88) two years ago. Though Cohen was a competitive show jumper for many years, she says not all equine disciplines require the same skills: "When I last played polo, I'd drive a divot into the ground with my mallet, and then the horse would kick the ball, as if to show me, the gringa, how it was done."

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THE DOG DAYS *of* SUMMER

NIGEL PARRY

In 2002, *Vanity Fair* writer-at-large Marie Brenner set off along the avenues and boulevards of Paris's *banlieues*—the gritty, working-class suburbs that ring the city—to track an alarming trend: the steep increase in anti-Semitic violence bubbling up from the French Muslim community. The dispatch she filed, "France's Scarlet Letter," cited hundreds of attacks against Jews—children assaulted, synagogues destroyed, school buses stoned, demonstrators howling "Kill the Jews!" Her guide through this terrain was a retired Parisian police officer named Sammy Ghozlan, whose every spare hour was devoted to combating anti-Semitism in his beloved city.

Earlier this year Brenner returned to Paris to catch up with Ghozlan. In "Paris Is Burning," on page 76, she describes a situation ever more dire in the wake of last summer's anti-Semitic riots in central Paris and January's *Charlie Hebdo* and Hyper Cacher supermarket attacks. "I led the fight for 15 years," Ghozlan told Brenner, "and all our warnings made no difference." Brenner's alarming report—which includes the harrowing, never-before-told account of one of the Jewish hostages held at gunpoint inside the Hyper Cacher—makes ignoring or excusing the situation in Paris no longer an option. "They are not screaming 'Death to the Israelis' on the streets of Paris," a Frenchman tells Brenner. "They are screaming 'Death to the Jews.'" In 2014, amid the increasing violence and hostility, some 7,000 French Jews fled to Israel; as many as 15,000 more may leave by the end of the year. The émigrés include one man whose departure, Brenner writes, should have been "unthinkable": Ghozlan himself.

The attack on the satirical weekly *Charlie Hebdo,* this past January, in which 12 people died at the hands of Islamist gunmen, prompted a wave of worldwide revulsion and eloquent testimonials to the sacred, and threatened, role of free speech in a democracy. The paper was soon up and running again—and its first issue after the killings flew off newsstands around the globe. Given the well-documented recent struggles of print journalism, it's jarring to come across a publication whose problem today is that it has too much money. But that's precisely the position *Charlie Hebdo* now finds itself in: the weekly is reportedly sitting on more than $33 million—an unexpected windfall amassed in sales, subscriptions, and donations since the deadly attack. But this newfound wealth has made things worse, not better. Indeed, it has become a divisive toxin, further traumatizing a publication that had been on the brink of economic ruin ever since its founding, 45 years ago.

"Money is a poisoned gift," Patrick Pelloux, a writer for *Charlie Hebdo,* tells Roger Cohen, whose report on the paper, "The *Charlie* War," appears on page 84. Pelloux, whose absence from the weekly's conference room on January 7 literally saved his life, is among the staff struggling to chart *Charlie*'s path forward—both as an irreverent media tribune ardently brandishing the banner of free (and foul) speech and as the uneasy custodian of sudden wealth. In France, money is often viewed with something like embarrassment—as a subject to be whispered about rather than flaunted. Cohen writes, "If money lies at the heart of discourse in the United States, and sex is taboo, in France it is the opposite." But the nouveau riche *Charlie* and its internecine disputes over ownership are the talk of French thinkers and the chattering classes. Cohen, a longtime foreign correspondent for *The New York Times* and a sage chronicler of France's culture wars, reports on the price of journalism in the aftermath of tragedy. *Charlie*'s future is "critically important—for the memory of the dead and for the future of France," Cohen writes. "At a time of sharp tensions between a large Muslim population, often discriminated against, and a fearful Jewish population, frank exchanges of ideas are needed, and that can be based only on a journalism that is unfearful, uncowed, and financially strong."

Is there a dog breed more associated with a living person than the corgi is with the Queen? You could reasonably say that they are as much a part of her look as her purse, Barbour, and headscarf. More important, they are a part of her life. Young Elizabeth was given her first corgi in 1933, at the age of 7, just a few years before the train of fate (Edward VIII, Mrs. Simpson, the abdication) would shift the line of succession and eventually put her on the throne at the age of 25. She has had corgis ever since—packs of them. It is estimated that the two corgis she has now are 14th-generation descendants of Susan, the "foundation bitch" she acquired during the dark days of World War II.

The dogs often travel with her. They were featured—accompanied by Daniel Craig's James Bond—in the opening ceremonies of the London Olympics. A crown coin issued to mark the Queen's Golden Jubilee shows her seated with a corgi in her lap. Indeed, the Queen's relationships with her dogs are among the few "normal" relationships she has, and she intends to keep it that way. Prince Philip once suggested that the corgis functioned for his wife as a kind of therapy. As Michael Joseph Gross reports in "Her Most Loyal Subjects," on page 102, the world of the Queen's corgis is also an intensely private one: the Palace won't comment on any but the most mundane corgi-related matters.

And yet, as Gross shows, it *is* possible to enter the private world of the Queen's corgis. Our guides are a remarkable group of commoners—most of them women, most of them now elderly, all of them sharp as tacks—who have assisted the Queen in her corgi-breeding program over a period of many decades, bringing their own dogs to mate with the monarch's. Like those of the Windsors themselves, the unions of the Windsor corgis involve considerations of style and pedigree. The pack has thrived. The corgi breeders who have assisted the Queen have hitherto been very tight-lipped about their activities. ("Only my veterinarian knew," says one.) But with the Queen's corgi-breeding activities apparently winding down, they have opened up to *Vanity Fair* about life Behind Kennel Doors. As Gross points out, the corgis' affection for the Queen is uncomplicated because of this simple fact: they are the only members of the vast royal orbit that don't know she is the Queen.

—GRAYDON CARTER

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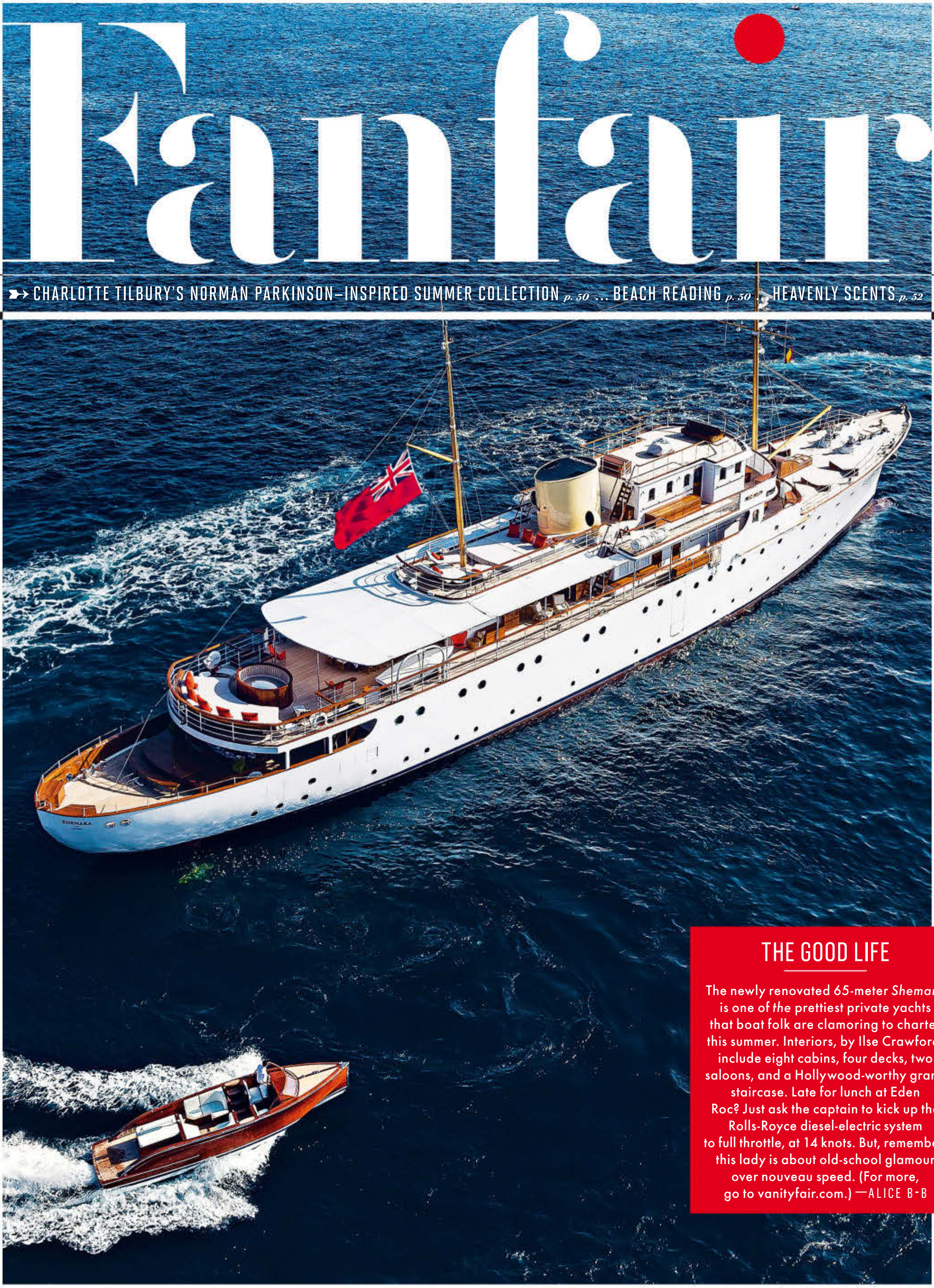
➸ CHARLOTTE TILBURY'S NORMAN PARKINSON–INSPIRED SUMMER COLLECTION *p. 50* … BEACH READING *p. 50* … HEAVENLY SCENTS *p. 52*



THE GOOD LIFE

The newly renovated 65-meter *Shemara* is one of *the* prettiest private yachts that boat folk are clamoring to charter this summer. Interiors, by Ilse Crawford, include eight cabins, four decks, two saloons, and a Hollywood-worthy grand staircase. Late for lunch at Eden Roc? Just ask the captain to kick up the Rolls-Royce diesel-electric system to full throttle, at 14 knots. But, remember, this lady is about old-school glamour over nouveau speed. (For more, go to vanityfair.com.) —ALICE B-B

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEFF BROWN/BOAT INTERNATIONAL

This 1975 photo of Jerry Hall in Montego Bay, Jamaica, inspired the Filmstar Bronze & Glow palette and the 1975 Red Matte Revolution lipstick, shown below. Also pictured: the Bathing Beauty bag.

Wenda Parkinson in Pigeon Point, Tobago, 1956, was the inspiration for Color of Youth Lip & Cheek Glow (compact not shown). *Below,* Carmen Dell'Orefice in the Bahamas, 1959, inspired the Dreamy Glow Highlighter compact.

Timeless Allure

“**Norman Parkinson** was an alchemist with light, and his eye for color was striking,” exclaims tour de force beauty master **Charlotte Tilbury,** who delved deep into Parkinson's archive to create an irresistible limited-edition assortment of makeup and accoutrements. Iconic images of **Jerry Hall, Carmen Dell'Orefice,** and **Wenda Parkinson,** Norman's wife and ultimate muse, grace the compact covers and bags and make us yearn for an endless summer. ($32–$80; CharlotteTilbury.com) —SUNHEE GRINNELL

Hot Type

Let us now—at last—celebrate dangerous women writers: how cheering to see justice done with both **Shirley Jackson's** heretofore unpublished works—uniquely unsettling stories and ruthlessly barbed essays on domestic life—finally collected in *Let Me Tell You* (Random House), as well as with *The Complete Stories* (New Directions) of **Clarice Lispector,** the startlingly innovative Brazilian fiction writer who abhorred convention and refused to kneel before plot.

Also this month: A teenage girl is drawn to a cult in **Alice LaPlante's** seductive *Coming of Age at the End of Days* (Atlantic Monthly Press). **Mia Couto's** entrancing *Confession of the Lioness* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux) sees the women of a Mozambican village stalked by otherworldly beasts. Ghostwriter-novelist **Hilary Liftin** courts a lawsuit in her hilarious, tabloid-trashing gotcha novel, *Movie Star by Lizzie Pepper* (Viking). **Victoria Patterson's** *The Little Brother* (Counterpoint) is a brutal, deeply empathetic, and emotionally wrenching examination of American male privilege and rape culture. Fight back. —ELISSA SCHAPPELL

IN SHORT

David Payne goes to the bone in his deeply felt *Barefoot to Avalon* (Atlantic Monthly Press). **Amitav Ghosh** ignites a *Flood of Fire* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). **Gioia Diliberto** unwraps *Diane von Furstenberg* (Dey Street). **Gill Hornby** conducts a ragtag choir in *All Together Now* (Little, Brown). **Nick Tosches's** *Under Tiberius* (Little, Brown) resurrects Jesus. **Ben Marcus** cherry-picks the best *New American Stories* (Vintage). **Russ Banham** takes off with *Higher: 100 Years of Boeing* (Chronicle). **Val Brelinski's** debut, *The Girl Who Slept with God* (Viking), is a revelation. **Amy Seek** confesses in *God and Jetfire* (Farrar, Straus and Giroux). **Juan Gabriel Vásquez** exposes *Lovers on All Saints' Day* (Riverhead). **Deborah Davis** trails Andy Warhol in *The Trip* (Atria). **William T. Vollmann** captures the Nez Perce War in *The Dying Grass* (Viking). **William Finnegan** surfs through *Barbarian Days* (Penguin). **Blaine Lourd** was *Born on the Bayou* (Gallery). **Christopher Dickey** spies *Our Man in Charleston* (Crown). **Janis Cooke Newman** draws up *A Master Plan for Rescue* (Riverhead). **Lauren Holmes** introduces *Barbara the Slut and Other People* (Riverhead). **Barton Swaim** pins down *The Speechwriter* (Simon & Schuster). —E.S.

SCHOOL TIES

Now is the perfect time to read *Make Your Home Among Strangers* (St. Martin's), and not just because it's a campus novel being published during back-to-school season. Jennine Capó Crucet's smart, scathing, and hilarious depiction of a Cuban-American girl at a fancy northeastern university is set in 1999—and involves an Elián González–inspired subplot—but its incisive take on race and class makes it both urgently of-the-moment and destined to be a classic. Though Crucet is just 33, this debut novel shows that she's already a seasoned student of life. —CURTIS SITTENFELD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TIM HOUT (BOOKS), © NORMAN PARKINSON LTD./COURTESY OF THE NORMAN PARKINSON ARCHIVE, LONDON/NORMANPARKINSON.COM (DELL'OREFICE; HALL, BOTH; PARKINSON); FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

HEAVENLY SCENTS

Friends gathered under crystal chandeliers suspended from trees to celebrate beloved florist Eric Buterbaugh's new fragrance line, Florals, and the opening of his new boutique and event space, in West Hollywood.

An arrangement of roses, Buterbaugh's signature flower.

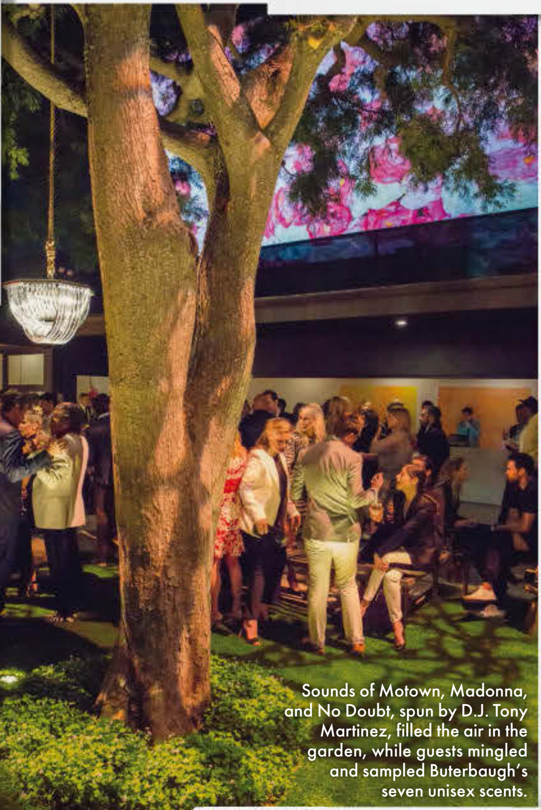
Nicole Richie and Jennifer Meyer

Alex Pettyfer

Naomi Campbell

Eric Buterbaugh and Carlos Mota

Mario Testino and Demi Moore


Sounds of Motown, Madonna, and No Doubt, spun by D.J. Tony Martinez, filled the air in the garden, while guests mingled and sampled Buterbaugh's seven unisex scents.

Eric Buterbaugh and Courteney Cox

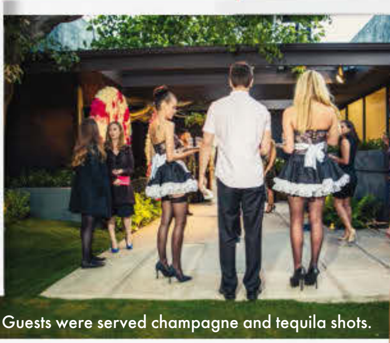
Sisters Katherine and Christina Schwarzenegger.

Gwen Stefani and Erin Foster

Lisa Rinna, Harry Hamlin, and Bruce Bozzi

Maria Shriver

Alexandra Von Furstenberg, Laurie Feltheimer, and Vanessa Getty


Guests were served champagne and tequila shots.

Sheryl Berkoff and Rob Lowe

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JUSTIN BISHOP

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I

LEAVING TANGIER

To step on board a steamer in a Spanish port, and three hours later to land in a *country without a guide-book,* is a sensation to rouse the hunger of the repletest sight-seer.

The sensation is attainable by any one who will take the trouble to row out into the harbour of Algeciras and scramble onto a little black boat headed across the straits. Hardly has the rock of Gibraltar turned to cloud when one's foot is on the soil of an almost unknown Africa. Tangier, indeed, is in the guide-books; but, cuckoo-like, it has had to lays its eggs in strange nests, and the traveller who wants to find out about it must acquire a work dealing with some other country Spain or Portugal or Algeria. There is no guide-book to Morocco, and no way of knowing,

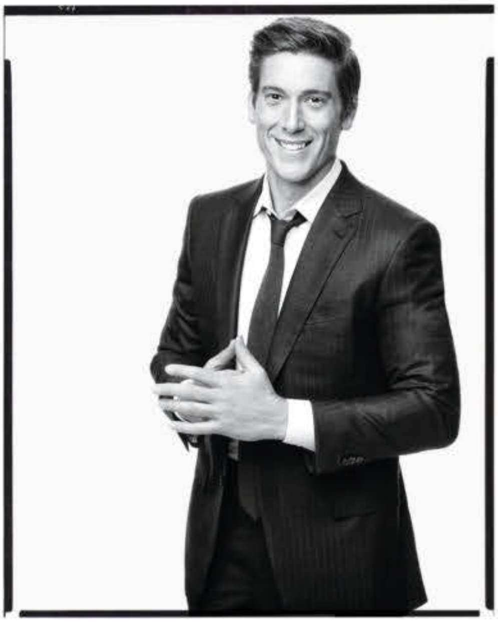
IN THE DETAILS

What You Should Know About

DAVID MUIR

A PANOPLY OF ECCENTRIC BIOGRAPHICAL DATA RE: ABC'S GEN X CRONKITE

News anchor David Muir knew he wanted to be a journalist by the time he hit double digits. Around fifth grade, he began broadcasting from inside a cardboard box in his family's living room in Syracuse, New York. Soon he used his allowance to buy a cassette recorder at RadioShack and began to interview his sister's teenage friends. Fast-forward three decades and his interview subjects have a tad more gravitas—Barack Obama, Tim Cook, and Bill Gates, to name a few. Since he became the anchor of ABC's *World News Tonight,* last September, the broadcast has edged out its competitors in ratings, placing Muir in the same pantheon as his newsroom heroes Diane Sawyer and Peter Jennings. Now that he's been at the helm for one year, Muir talks about life as a new breed of evening anchor, his embarrassing dearth of real vices, and tweeting during commercial breaks.



THE NATURAL
Muir, photographed in New York City.

HE IS "Dr. Muir" now. Earlier this year his alma mater Ithaca College (he was class of '95) gave him an honorary doctorate.

BUT DON'T call him "doctor"—at least not in public. "Here in New York, people will probably want 'scrips,'" he says.

AS A teenager, he spent his vacations working at WTVH-TV 5, the local CBS affiliate in Syracuse. "They had a growth chart on the wall on a doorway in the newsroom," he recalls. "When I would come in on school breaks, they would march me over and measure how much I had grown." (He's now five feet eleven inches.)

THE HISTORICAL event he wishes he could have covered: "D-day, because of the incredible bravery and sacrifice. Of course, I would have been terrified."

HIS BIGGEST adrenaline surges come during interviews just before he drops an H-bomb question: "I'm sitting across from Mitt Romney, and I know the next question is going to be about the rate he paid on his taxes."

HE HAS no plans for a sign-off line, such as Walter Cronkite's famous "And that's the way it is." "There's something about a sign-off that seems predictable," he says. "I just say whatever comes to my mind, to the pleasure and horror of the control room, I'm sure."

HE TWEETS to viewers on set during commercial breaks with "the hope that people will think that I'm like them. Their anchor should reflect the times." As of now, @DavidMuir has more than 200,000 followers.

HE HAS a signature selfie face in pictures with fans: three-quarters toward the camera, with a slightly pouty smile. "My head always looks three times the size" of everyone else's, he says.

HE WOULD like to assure viewers that his head isn't actually three times as big as theirs. It's just the angle, he says. (He's usually in the foreground.)

DESPITE BEING comfortable online, he gets a lot of his daily news in print, from *The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Wall Street Journal,* and others: "I still like the physicality of papers."

LIKE A real New Yorker, he takes the subway to work every day.

HE HAS a very specific office soundtrack. "There are Radiohead days; there are Coldplay days. My assistants love the Chet Baker days."

HE BINGE-WATCHES *House of Cards* and was obsessed with *Mad Men,* which reminded him of his childhood in Syracuse.

HIS PERSONAL style is "classic but understated." Most of his suits are Zegna, his jeans are A.P.C., and his signature sunglasses are Randolph gold-framed aviators. "I did a story on them," he says, adding that part of the allure is the company's decades-long contract with the United States Air Force. Other famous wearers of the shades: Robert Redford in *Spy Game* and Jon Hamm in *Mad Men.*

UNLIKE DON Draper, he has no bar cart in his office. There are, however, a handful of Emmys arranged in a neat line, the wings all facing the same way. (He's not a neat freak, he claims, just a fan of "clean lines.")

HIS VICE of choice: venti red eyes, i.e., 20-ounce Starbucks coffees with a shot of espresso.

HE PLAYS tennis but doesn't take it too seriously: "My backhand is better than my forehand, which isn't saying much." Nor is he an equipment snob. He bought his racket at an upstate Walmart.

WHEN HE'S running on the gym treadmill, he unabashedly listens to a Spotify playlist called Teen Party. "It sounds ridiculous," he says, but the songs are "what everyone will be listening to in a few months."

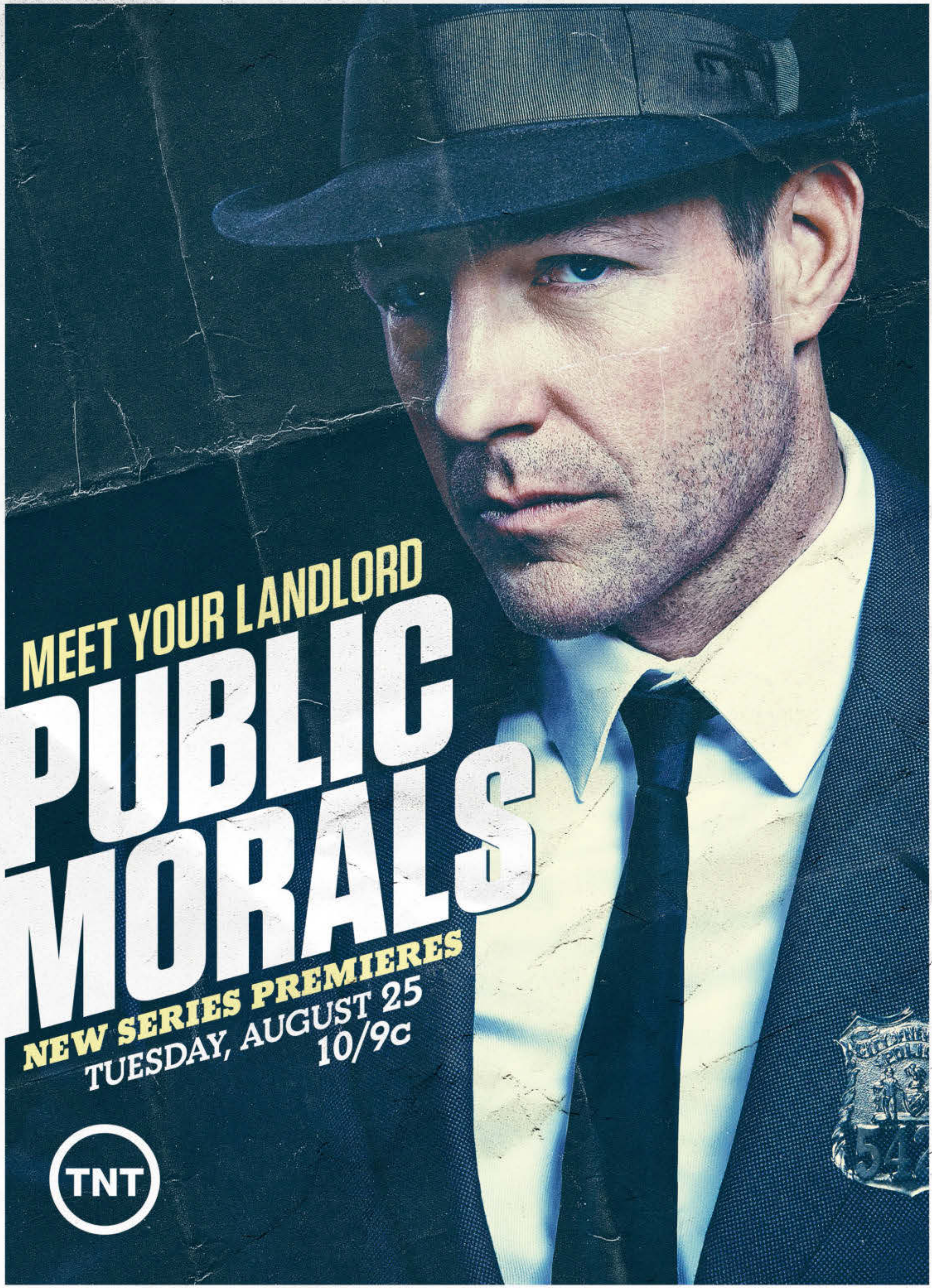
THE LAST books he read: *The Flamethrowers,* by Rachel Kushner, and *The Lowland,* by Jhumpa Lahiri. He tends to "gravitate to dark studies of the human condition."

HE LOVES long flights: "No one can really reach me . . . " On a recent long flight, he watched *The Notebook* for the first time, which reduced him to tears in front of the stewardess.

HE BLISSES out whenever he's on his way back to Syracuse. "When I turn onto I-81 and drive into those hills, there's nothing I love more than rolling those windows down. Nothing can match that feeling." —LESLEY M. M. BLUME

"I JUST SAY WHATEVER COMES TO MY MIND."

PHOTOGRAPH BY GASPER TRINGALE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THE LONG GOODBYES

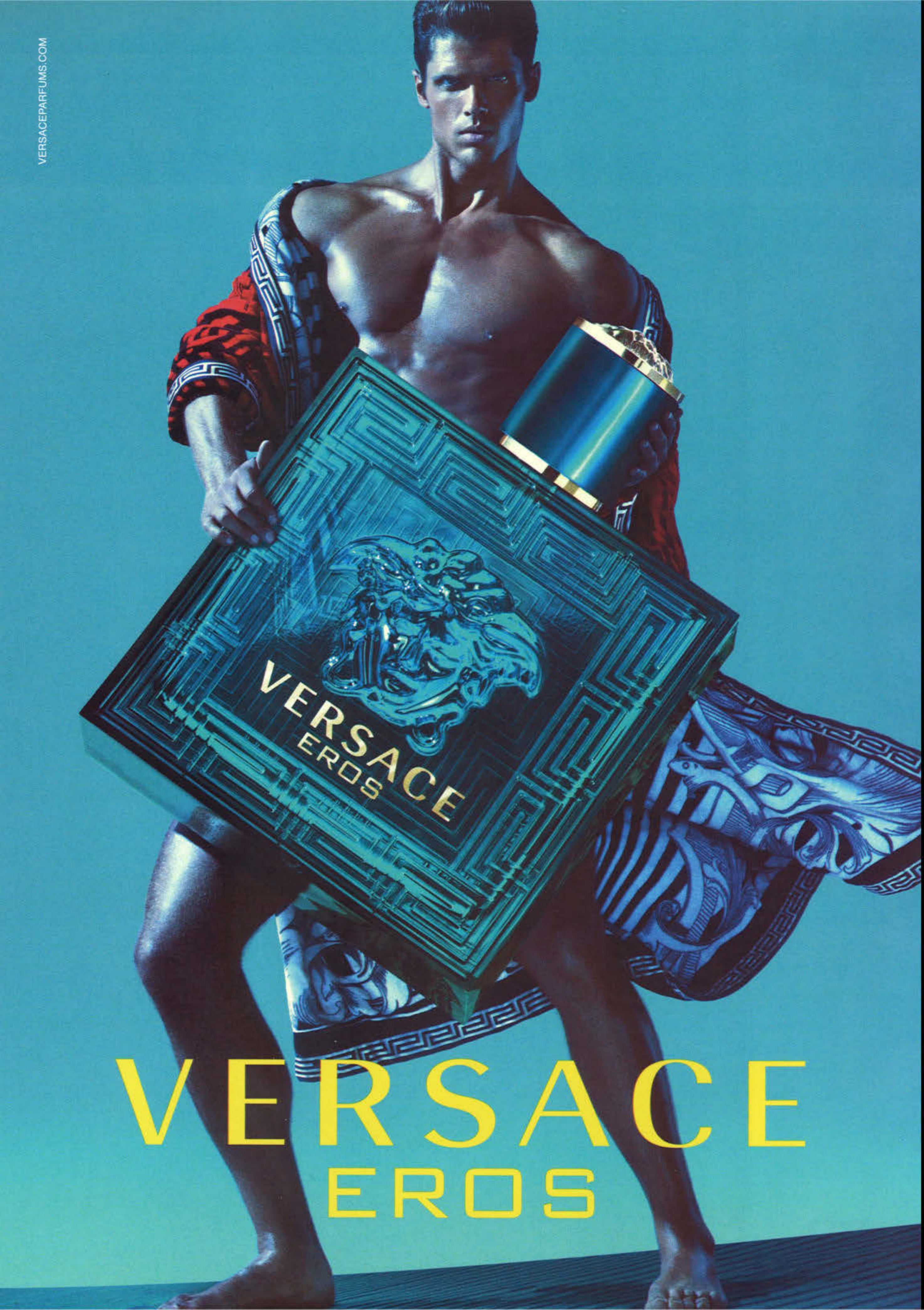
With each ending to a cherished cultural institution, the deluge of tributes, highlight compendiums, and listicles seems only to grow longer. Exhausted by David Letterman's retirement and the *Mad Men* series finale, the author champions a quicker way to call it quits

WEARING OUT HIS FAREWELL David Letterman waves good-bye again and again en route to his final *Late Show,* in May.

PHOTO ILLUSTRATION BY VANITY FAIR. PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN PAUL FILO (LETTERMAN'S RIGHT HAND), JEFFREY R. STAAB (LETTERMAN), BOTH FROM CBS PHOTO ARCHIVE/GETTY IMAGES

With the waning of traditional religion, an irreversible decline no matter how many Duggars pop out of the pea pod, entertainment culture has become the ritual space for saying farewell to loved ones. And by loved ones I don't mean those relatives you put up with at Thanksgiving, but our most cherished television series, late-night hosts, movie franchises, sports stars, and even the rare "name" author as they announce retirement from active service and take one last chariot spin around the Colosseum. When New York Yankees superstar shortshop Derek Jeter declared early in 2014 that he was hanging up his pinstripes and illustrious jockstrap, he was fêted for an entire season in ballpark after ballpark and paid princely tribute with parting gifts such as "personalized kayaks, personalized paddle boards, personalized guitars, personalized golf clubs and cowboy boots," griped Dan Epstein in *Rolling Stone.* It was all a bit Camelot, but once the end is nigh it's hard for mere clay mortals to resist being swept up in the cheers and pageantry, the bond of sharing a bellwether moment and cultural rite of passage, much like the New Year's Eve revelers in Times Square counting down the seconds until midnight. I only wish there were a way to speed up the clock, because it seems to be taking forever for the damn ball drop. The departure apparatus—all that sentimental foreplay to the fade-out—has become so distended that it had me thinking of that catchy little tune by Dan Hicks & His Hot Licks "How Can I Miss You When You Won't Go Away?"

The paradox is that these bon-voyage buildups have gotten longer and more extravagant even as the audiences for them have compressed. The last episode of *M.A.S.H.,* in 1983, drew more than 105 million viewers, out-Super-Bowl-ing that year's Super Bowl. Ten years later the last call for drinks at *Cheers* played to more than 42 million households. *Seinfeld* went out with a stupendous bang in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1998, with 76 million viewers tuning in to be disappointed. When *ER* went off the air, in 2009, it had about 16 million pairs of misty eyeballs paying respects, a sum that reflected the erosion of network supremacy as the proliferation of cable channels catering to specialized interests and exhibitionist appetites (next up on TLC: *Hoarding: Buried Alive*!) nipped away at traditional Nielsen-family numbers. *The Sopranos, Breaking Bad, Sons of Anarchy, Mad Men,* and other cultural enrichments went out at the top, but those tops were lower than previous tops, a descending mountain range. *Mad Men* ended on a triumphant up note—an estimated 4.6 million viewers and enviable 25–54 demos for its series finale—but in the heyday of the holy trinity (ABC, CBS, and NBC), when a sophomoric farce such as *Three's Company* could genially stupefy more than 20 million viewers an episode, *Mad Men*'s ratings would have been considered tumbleweeds. Yet the word tonnage of Talmudic commentary, anal-retentive recapping, message-board kibitzing, sociological-psychological analysis, and story-line handicapping ("Will Megan fall prey to the Manson family?") has lent the impression that the entire country had tightened its straps for the final splashdown.

But it isn't how many people you reach, it's who you reach and how you reach them. The audience for *Mad Men* may be a minnow swarm compared with the ones for *The Love Boat* and *Charlie's Angels* once upon a Fred Silverman era, but it's a more sophisticated, luxury-class, media-advantaged, keyboard-articulate constituency of influencers—its preferences have magnifying power. Their antennae aren't tickled by formulaic premises and tidy explanations of motive and behavior. They require more kink in the equation. David Lynch's *Twin Peaks* and Chris Carter's *The X-Files,* once oddball outliers, have become the premium gothic norm. (And, not incidentally, both are due for revival in 2016.) The narrative of television has matured from self-contained episodes shuttling like boxcars along a single track into a continuing-saga paradigm that has the novelistic semblance of organic development, a natural life span of growth, decay, arcs, and orphic descents. Pulling in and out of countless parking lots, James Garner's Jim Rockford, of *The Rockford Files,* and Peter Falk's Columbo rolled with the punches and reversals of their cases without any observable alteration in their fully formed personalities—durable, dependable models of consistency. That's why you can pop into any rerun of either series without having to orient yourself as to which stage of Joseph Campbell's hero's journey they're in. Whereas the modern protagonist is an embattled, erratic work in progress: *Breaking Bad*'s Walter White mutating from a nebbish to a Nietzschean monster, *Mad Men*'s Don Draper doing a duet with his Jungian shadow, Edie Falco's Nurse Jackie and Keri Russell's Russian agent in *The Americans* tasting damnation in the ruthless execution of their duties, and Matthew McConaughey re-enacting the Stations of the Cross within a single season of *True Detective.* Audience identification and involvement with the fallen angels and rabid underdogs of these postmodern melodramas is wired into the instrument panel of long-form serial TV, with its dramatic collisions, backstory reveals, stunning reversals, sudden deaths, season-ender cliff-hangers, and OMG shockers. It's as if they've managed to storyboard the pulsations of our very nervous systems, which is why every successful creator (David Chase, Shonda Rhimes, Matt Weiner, even genial Vince Gilligan) has a maestro's touch of sadism. They manipulate the pain and pleasure dials with safecracker finesse.

Once we bond with something, once we become betrothed to a program, it becomes a passenger in our daily thoughts and we're reluctant to let it go, and not just because we're shallow. Cable executives and marketers exploit this mind-meld—our needy narcissism that the show is as much about us as it is about it—by turning a prestige show's last hurrah into a ceremonial marathon and, in some cases, dastardly splitting the final season in half to prolong the exquisite agony of separation and to plump up ad sales. Hollywood has been doing likewise, dividing the concluding installments of *Twilight* and *The Hunger Games* into two parts, affording its devoted legions the privilege of overpaying for popcorn and bucket-size sodas twice. (Current franchises may not face this terminus, because they're intended and engineered to run forever, a self-perpetuating myth machine that will churn out *Star Wars, Avengers, Superman/Batman,* and *Fast & Furious* spectaculars long after some of us have been cryogenically frozen, awaiting further advances in science.)

About the retirement of David Letterman and the impending change in the fake-news anchor at *The Daily Show* I felt and feel not the slightest sentimental pang, and not because I'm a cold-blooded cellblock lifer. As a reviewer of David Letterman's I probably go back longer than anyone, having first written about him in *The Village Voice* in 1980, before Britney Spears was born, if you can picture such a far-off time. Letterman's sturdy achievement and place in history—his topsy-turvy re-invention of the late-night talk-show format, his stalwart performance after 9/11, and his weaponizing of self-mockery—are indisputable. He had survived open-heart surgery and a sex scandal, he had proved everything he needed to prove as true heir to Johnny Carson, and for much of the last decade he seemed half tuned out from the proceedings, barely disguising his understandable, hard-earned boredom after listening to so much prattle at such close range. He adopted the persona of a grumpy old geezer and got out before he crusted into dotage—it would have been inhumane to expect him to hang around any longer when he has a family and a spread in Montana the size of the Ponderosa. Let the poor rich man have some grouchy rest.

It would be even crueler to want to keep Comedy Central's Jon Stewart in studio captivity after all that he's been through on our behalf, subjecting himself to a radiation bombardment of mostly right-wing idiocy and conducting a continuing tutorial on breaking news that blends angry incredulity, analysis, citizen passion, historical perspective, and scalding ridicule into a cross between Howard Beale's tirades in *Network* and Theater of the Absurd. No shaman has ever worked as heroically as Stewart in trying to cast out the demons and demiurges from our moronic inferno, and, as I think he would readily admit, for all his coruscating takedowns, the political-idiot brigade has gotten only dumber, meaner, more rapacious, and more parasitically entrenched. He made *The Daily Show* an institution and has seen his junior partners Steve Carell, John Oliver, and Letterman's successor, Stephen Colbert, go on to glory while he's held down the fort, forced to reckon with every mutated strain of sewage monster formulated by Fox News. Stewart has practically made himself hoarse shouting into the whirlwind, and if he sometimes looks as if he's ashen from outrage fatigue, it's a sympathetic symptom of how much our democracy has degraded. Why would he want to put himself through the acid reflux of the upcoming 2016 campaign? No one can begrudge Jon Stewart the motorcade waves he will receive up to his final broadcast, on August 6, though it will be nice to get a respite from long good-byes until the unthinkable day *The Simpsons* calls it quits, if it ever does.

Perhaps Philip Roth, that cunning, beetle-browed operator, had the right idea by announcing his retirement from fiction writing after he published what he said would be his last novel. By declaring that Elvis had already left the building, Roth freed himself from the pressure of teeing up one last prose testament to be judged for distance, accuracy, and insights into the human condition by the usual gnomes, thereby dispensing with a long good-bye and going right to the victory lap—or, in his case, lope—as he collects honorary degrees and lifetime-achievement awards, saluted as the last of the great untamed postwar American novelists. Instead of plowing to the finish line, Roth leapfrogged into the lush pasture of literary posterity while still around to enjoy it, probably wishing he had done it sooner. It's so hard to let go, even once you realize you haven't much left to give. □

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MICHAEL KINSLEY

HELP IS ON THE WAY . . .
For the beleaguered middle class.
Except that it isn't.
And shouldn't be.

FORGET ABOUT THE MIDDLE CLASS

Every 2016 presidential candidate, from Ted Cruz to Hillary Clinton, agrees on one thing: the need to help the middle class. Here's why that makes for great politics, terrible policy, and impossible math

In 1984 the governor of New York was Mario Cuomo, father of the current governor. The elder Cuomo, who died on New Year's Day 2015, will be best remembered for his keynote address at the 1984 Democratic National Convention, in San Francisco. It is the most famous political speech of our time not given by Ronald Reagan. It was an eloquent defense of traditional American liberalism as preached and practiced by presidents from F.D.R. to Adlai Stevenson. (What? You say Adlai was never president? That's not how my mother remembers it.)

Cuomo's theme was "a tale of two cities," although the metaphor got away from him and sometimes it was just one city with two parts. Cuomo laid it on thick. Reagan, he said, could see one part of the city from "the veranda of his ranch." That part looked fine and healthy. But there was another part to the shining city:

> the part where some people can't pay their mortgages . . . , and middle-class parents watch the dreams they hold for their children evaporate. In this part of the city there are more

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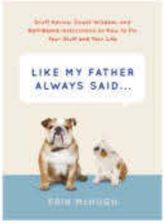

READ

Like My Father Always Said

"Being a Red Sox fan prepares you for every disappointment in life." With wisdom on everything from automotive care to heartache, *Like My Father Always Said*, by Erin McHugh, is a collection of the wise, weird, and funny advice that can come only from dear old Dad. "Do whatever you want to do—I will explain it to Mom later." Available on **Amazon.com** and wherever books are sold.

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> poor than ever.... There are elderly people who tremble in the basements of the houses there. And there are people who sleep in the city streets, in the gutter, where the glitter doesn't show. There are ghettos where thousands of young people... give their lives away to drug dealers every day. There is despair, Mr. President, in the faces that you don't see, in the places that you don't visit in your shining city.

Besides Dickens, this was a hat tip to Benjamin Disraeli, the 19th-century British prime minister and novelist, who famously wrote about "two nations; between whom there is no intercourse and no sympathy; who are as ignorant of each other's habits, thoughts, and feelings, as if they were dwellers in different zones, or inhabitants of different planets... THE RICH AND THE POOR."

PEOPLE IN THE MIDDLE ALREADY
RECEIVE MOST
OF THE GOVERNMENT DOLLARS.

Cuomo's "two cities" imagery was a poke at Reagan, turning one of his favorite lines against him. In almost every speech he gave, it seemed, Reagan would refer to America as "a shining city upon a hill," meaning an example for the rest of the world. Reagan got that from the Puritan preacher John Winthrop (though probably not directly). What Winthrop had in mind was a moral example, but the metaphor works at many levels.

But today two cities are not enough. Today's politicians require three cities in order to describe our economic predicament: the rich, the poor, and the stars of the show—the middle class. Presidential candidates across the political spectrum agree that the middle class should be the focus of our concern, from Ted Cruz ("Tragic: America's middle class is headed in the wrong direction") to Hillary Clinton ("The economy is not working for middle-class families").

But who is middle-class? Notoriously, Americans tend to define "middle-class" or "middle-income" as whatever income bracket they themselves are in. A *Wall Street Journal*/NBC News poll two years ago found that people who made less than $30,000 annually believed that they were "middle-income"—and so did people who made more than $100,000. (To be sure, there's a difference between middle-income and middle-class. Class can be defined by lifestyle, social attitudes, and so on. But this poll was explicitly about money, as is the election. No politician is promising the voters a martini and plaid pants.)

Listening to the candidates' rhetoric, almost every voter in the country could be forgiven for thinking that he or she would benefit from whatever re-distribution of wealth and income the candidate is promising. This is the ambiguity, if not dishonesty, at the heart of Cuomo-ism: Is a politician talking about taking from someone else and giving to me, or taking from me and giving to someone else? And if the answer is "Neither—I'm talking about economic growth for everyone," then what does that have to do with the specific problems of the middle class?

Cuomo-ism is now the core of domestic policy for all candidates of both parties: the government's role is to help and protect the middle class. Since nearly everybody thinks that he or she is middle-class, this works well as a campaign theme. As a guide to policy, not so much.

Problem Number One with the emphasis on the middle class is simple: What about the poor? Most of us have no trouble with taking a little bit more—even a big bit more—from the rich to give to the poor. I certainly have none. Taking from the rich to give to the middle class is something else again. The term "middle class," if it means anything at all, must mean there are people below the middle who qualify as "lower-class." What justification is there for concerning yourself with the middle and ignoring the people at the bottom? Especially when people in the middle already receive most of the government dollars to begin with. (Think of Social Security and Medicare.)

Social Security is sometimes attacked on grounds of equity—why do we send checks every month to Warren Buffett rather than only to those in real need? The traditional answer, which you don't hear a lot anymore, is that political support for Social Security depends on its being a universal program that everyone benefits from rather than a "welfare" program that benefits only those who need it. That is a weak argument. It says that the middle class, deserving or otherwise, must bribe both the undeserving poor and the undeserving rich in order to collect their checks.

Problem Number Two is that there aren't enough rich people to provide windfalls of extra cash. There are about 123 million households in the U.S. Five thousand of them are worth $100 million or more. That's wealth, not income. Now, that, I think we can agree, is rich. If you took a million from each of the rich households and divvied it up among the 24 million poor households, each of them would get only about $208.

Maybe the definition of "rich" is wrong. In the tax arguments of the past couple of decades, the term "rich" has somehow come to mean an annual household income of $250,000 or more. In 2015, it's true, $250,000 does not buy you butlers and private airplanes. But the money's got to come from somewhere. In their debates during the 2008 election campaign, both Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton "pledged" not to raise the taxes of "middle-class" people making less than $250,000. By these standards, about one household out of 37 qualifies as "rich." This means that you would need to raise taxes on each rich person by $36 in order to deliver a $1 tax cut to the middle class and poor. That's no reason not to do it, but you still won't be able to finance much re-distribution this way.

The average household income in this country is about $50,000. To play Robin Hood, or Mario Cuomo, you've got to raise taxes on incomes down to close to that level. That's way below the point where people have started to believe that "helping the middle class" means more money for them, when in fact it would mean less.

Conservatives are right about one thing: the only real way income inequality will be reduced is to create more income—that is, to expand the economy. The one way out is to grow our way out. This only works, though, if the poor and the middle class actually get the money, a small problem that the Republicans tend to overlook.

Furthermore, some of the most inefficient and wasteful government initiatives are defended on the grounds that they will expand the economy and help the middle class. One thinks of farm price supports, or the Export-Import Bank, which lends money to foreign governments to buy U.S. goods and thereby increase jobs here—a Rube Goldberg contraption of economic theory if there ever was one.

This year, astonishingly, enough Republicans opposed the bill re-authorizing the Ex-Im Bank—invoking principle—that its future actually was threatened. (By now, you may know what happened ultimately. I don't.) They called it corporate welfare, which doesn't even sound like something Republicans would object to. But giving money to foreigners to help them finance the purchase of American goods is not a sensible way to create jobs.

Be skeptical of any proposal defended in the name of creating jobs in order to help the middle class. Most likely it will in practice take from one group of the middle class and give it to another. In reality, there's nowhere else to get the money. □

I'LL READ WHAT SHE'S READING

"Hysterical Literature," Clayton Cubitt's online video project, captures women reading while being stimulated (off-camera). Wanting to take part, the author took *The Portrait of a Lady* to Cubitt's studio

By **TONI BENTLEY**

TIC-TAC-WHOA
The author (*top left; center; bottom right*) and others in stills from "Hysterical Literature."

VIDEO STILLS BY CLAYTON CUBITT

I'm in the backseat of a car on my way to Brooklyn on a beautiful spring day to meet two people I have never met, and to take part in a most unlikely experiment. The e-mails organizing this affair—I had talked to no one in person—had only one specific request: that I wear something with "easy access," so I slipped on a black, ankle-length mermaid skirt and high-heeled suede boots. And no panties.

I press the buzzer and climb a few steps to meet Clayton Cubitt, a photographer and filmmaker, and his partner of 16 years, Katie James, the "female assistant." They are both very attractive—Clayton, dark, chiseled, and tall, and Katie, languid, soft, and beautiful.

Invited to sit down in the spacious living room of the loft, I was offered tea. There were so many books around that they seemed to define the space more than the walls. I saw Faulkner, Nietzsche, and Roland Barthes communing in one pile. Cubitt confesses to having "a bit of a problem with books," likening it to "an addiction."

"Hysterical Literature," Cubitt's online video project, debuted in August of 2012 on YouTube with Session One, starring the charming, alt-porn star Stoya. Stylishly dressed, she sits behind a small table and begins reading a book. But soon something goes wrong: her enunciation becomes uneven, and she keeps smiling inappropriately. Less than six minutes later she is unable to continue reading because she is having an orgasm. A massive one. What is going on?

Stoya's session quickly went viral and has received close to 16,000,000 views, a number that dwarfs by millions those of any of her impressive X-rated clips on free porn sites.

Cubitt has since released nine more sessions on YouTube and on his own elegant site. The participants are acquaintances of Cubitt's: writers, performers, artists, rebels.

Why would *I* do this? Why *wouldn't* I do it. "Hysterical Literature" combines my two overriding passions—sex and literature. The series juxtaposes the realm of words literally atop the realm of the erotic: each, as it were, finally in true congress with the other. Who would win the inevitable war? Upper body or lower? Logic or lust? Or, perhaps, they might actually meld together, literature and sex, Madonna and Whore—for this is the core dichotomy of Cubitt's experiment—fused as never before. For a woman who has eroticized her immutable shame, "Hysterical Literature" offers both public apotheosis and poetic coalescence—with a strong exhibitionism-voyeurism folie à deux chaser. This was a ride right up my street—though it proved to be more like merging onto the Autobahn.

Katie and Clayton led me to the studio at the back of the loft, and there was that small gray desk—its surface separating the seen from the unseen, the decent from the indecent. The art from the sex.

Eight feet from the front edge of the table was Cubitt's camera, on a tripod. It would be Katie who would do the handheld work under the table with what Cubitt calls her "paintbrush," a Hitachi Magic Wand vibrator—also known as "Big Buzzy." "I think she's the actual artist involved," says Cubitt. "I just press Record and stand back."

Centered behind the table is a chair covered with a clean soft towel. I sat down and put my old, dog-eared Penguin edition of *The Portrait of a Lady* on the desk. I had been told that the choice of reading was entirely mine. I wanted something I loved. Really loved. Isabel Archer, James's feisty heroine, with her superb, spirited, and moral-minded nature, quickly chose herself. I had first encountered Isabel when I was 18 and found her magnificent in having a life whose job lay in "affronting her destiny." Would that I could too. Would that I would even have such a thing.

As "a young person of many theories," who was "liable to the sin of self-esteem," Isabel also "had an infinite hope that she should never do anything wrong"—though when she did, "she treated herself to a week of passionate humility." I couldn't help thinking that *Portrait of a Lady* would be an apt subtitle for Cubitt's undertaking: women reading while being discreetly sexually stimulated, until they go, literally, out of their minds.

And so, 134 years after her birth, I took Isabel Archer's "destiny" into Cubitt's cubicle.

Once seated I raised myself bit by bit, hiking my long skirt all the way up until it pooled gently around my waist. The edges of the table were hung with heavy quilts, fastened to the top of the desk, creating a small cave under the table: Katie's workspace.

One final adjustment: I needed to be seated with my derrière as close to the front edge of the chair as possible. I found a perfect balance by pressing my waist into the edge of the table, and, with my legs extended and elongated quite far forward and apart, I was firmly wedged, though it was certainly not how I had ever read Henry James before.

Cubitt, 43, whose bread and butter is sleek, sexy commercial, fashion, and celebrity photography, allowed close to 10 years for "Hysterical Literature" to evolve into its current incarnation. With its simple, witty, yet profound conceit, the series presents a rigorous refinement of his two primary interests: subversion—"I like fucking with people"—and "maximizing joy."

An autodidact, Cubitt hails from New Orleans. "I come from trailer-park origins, outsiders, renegades," he says. Cubitt left both home and school at age 16, and he sports two impressive tattoos. His right forearm reads, THIS TOO SHALL PASS, and his left counts his years on earth in tally marks.

"I became interested in subverting people's increasingly sophisticated images of themselves," says Cubitt. "But I didn't want to have any control over anything that happened," so the women select their own hair, makeup, clothes, and texts. "What they read is a proxy for themselves, their aspirations, what is deep to them."

Thus "Hysterical Literature" was born, the title playing on the fact that, while the videos witness and elicit laughter, the name is also a sly, throwback reference to what Michel Foucault termed the "hysterization of women's bodies" that was rampant at the turn of the 20th century. The pathology of "hysteria" uncannily paralleled that of frustrated erotic desire. Intervention was necessary, and so the electromechanical vibrator, a medical device, was invented in the 1880s and used by a doctor, with excellent curative results, by provoking in his suffering patient a "hysterical paroxysm"—an orgasm. Several decades later, women got vibrators into their own hands and the rest is history, culminating, one might say, in a very public display of sovereign female pleasure in a male-free zone under Cubitt's table.

With insurrection being Cubitt's middle name, he wanted to make his project available on YouTube, the world's "most democratic, sharable forum." Working within YouTube's "Community Guidelines"—no "pornography or sexually explicit content"—the design of the venture came into focus. "I wanted it to look high-end, to be austere and black-and-white, no nudity," says Cubitt. "As far from lurid as I could get it, almost boring, clinical." It is worth noting that the women's orgasms on view in "Hysterical Literature" are bona fide female Money Shots—unlike in all mainstream movies, most porn, and, alas, many a bedroom, where they are faked. It's about time we got something authentic on the public record in our age of female ascension.

The statistics are impressive: the series has been viewed more than 45 million times. Include the pirated versions and Cubitt says total views would double, so we are heading for 100 million views in over 200 countries.

Now ready for takeoff, Katie slipped down, disappearing under the quilts. I had told her that I was a Hitachi virgin—I never really understood the point of vibrators, particularly if there was an able-bodied man around—so she offered to touch the side of my knee with the wand before filming as a preview. Holy Mary Mother of God. Maybe Big Pharma should stop trying to formulate that little pink pill to turn women on and just give it up to Big Buzzy. How would I last long enough to do justice to James?

"Rolling," says Clayton, and everything disappeared except the book in my hands and the words on the page. The world was out and I was on.

By the time I'd read two pages, I was struggling mightily to keep my countenance. "She spent half her time in thinking of beauty, bravery and mag-nan-nnn-im-im-ity . . ." The intensity was surging beyond my control, but I battled on. "She had a fixed determination to regard the world as a place of brightness"—my own determination was now seriously compromised, and I was reading solely phonetically, sequential meaning had evaporated entirely, and only isolated words resonated—"of free expansion, of irresistible action . . ." And I broke. The world was indeed a place of brightness as I spun open, Katie's paintbrush whirring me into timeless bliss, taking me from myself and thus returning me home. Once I had regained my breath—composure was not an option—I collapsed into a very particular laughter, a deep, rich laughter that is the spontaneous dénouement of every "Hysterical Literature" session: a woman delighted, a woman who cannot believe she did what she just did, felt what she just felt. A woman drenched in joy. Hallelujah.

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To watch the author's "Hysterical Literature" **VIDEO**, go to **VF.COM/AUG2015.**

And now, finally, I know what vibrators are really for: reading. □

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Channing Tatu

After an unprecedented box-office run—*The Vow, 21 Jump Street, Magic Mike*—Channing Tatum sealed his artistic cred with *Foxcatcher,* becoming one of the biggest, brightest stars of his generation. (Never mind *Jupiter Ascending.*) Looking ahead, he's in new movies from Quentin Tarantino and the Coen brothers, but first there's one more turn around the pole: *Magic Mike XXL.* Joining the 35-year-old actor on one of L.A.'s strangest hikes, RICH COHEN gets Tatum's take on everything from having a child to working with the greats, to wearing a thong

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANNIE LEIBOVITZ · STYLED BY JESSICA DIEHL

m’s Extra Gear

JUMP STREET
Channing Tatum, photographed on the back lot at Warner Bros. Studio in Burbank, California.

THROUGHOUT: TATUM WEARS A SHIRT BY JAMES PERSE; PANTS BY ALLSAINTS; SHOES BY BALLY.

Whereas the big losers in the computer hack that rocked Hollywood last fall included Amy Pascal, Scott Rudin, Sony Pictures, and Kim Jong Un, one of the winners, as far as I can tell, was Channing Tatum. Amid the blizzard of e-mails that showed some of movieland's key figures as two-faced, snarky, and mean—that is, entirely unlike their red-carpet personas—Tatum's leaked missive showed his back precisely like his front and his inside exactly like his outside—the same bighearted, fun-loving, victory-dancing guileless kid you know from the screen. He'd been writing his producers at Sony after the opening numbers came in for *22 Jump Street,* the buddy-cop sequel he starred in with Jonah Hill. Dominating weekend box office, that film broke the earnings record for R-rated comedies held by Seth MacFarlane's *Ted.* Tatum's e-mail, which opened, "F YOU TED!!!! SECOND OF ALLLL TIMMMMME BEEEOTCH!!!! COME ON JUMPSTREETERS WE GOT CATE BLANCHETT WIT DIS BOX OFFICE BITCHES!!!!!!!!," faded to a near infinity of AHAHAHAS.

Here you had America's leading man, the biggest male star since Pitt or Clooney, the star brighter than all the others, behaving in private exactly as you'd want him to behave, exactly as you'd behave if you became a titanic box-office draw. ("I'm sure, I'm positive, I've written bad e-mail," he told me. "I just got lucky that's not the one out there.") Of course, being jaunty and cool is a lot easier when all the pistons are firing, all the gears clicking. By the end of its run, *22 Jump Street* had taken in more than $300 million worldwide, a figure that added another hit to Tatum's epic string of successes, beginning with his first starring role, in 2006's *Step Up,* and continuing with 2012's *The Vow, 21 Jump Street,* and *Magic Mike*—three $100-million-grossing movies in just six months, an unheard-of run that minted him as a sure thing in a town diminished by binge television and the endless churn of social media, a town overcome by a case of the heebie-jeebies. But it was *Magic Mike* that really made Tatum's bones. Directed by Steven Soderbergh, it told Tatum's up-from-the-trenches origin story via codpieces and other ephemera of the nighttime trade—the handsome kid from the midsize city, a natural-born aristocrat dreaming through the American nowhere, modeling and dancing and *how would you feel about trying it without pants?* "I started dancing at Joy, a nightclub in Tampa," he told me. "The group was called Male Encounter." This eventually led to the more legitimate precincts of showbiz: print ads, a Pepsi commercial, the first feature films.

The years that followed *Magic Mike* have been marked by a string of movies—*White House Down, Jupiter Ascending*—some better, some worse. The artistic breakthrough came with Bennett Miller's *Foxcatcher,* in which Tatum played the Olympic wrestler Mark Schultz, a performance—*and really, people, he should have at least been nominated!*—that showed Tatum being less star than actor. He vanished into the stark brutality of that role, grew as thick as De Niro playing Jake LaMotta and as vulnerable as Brando playing Terry Malloy. "I'd come to this place where I didn't want to just keep doing parts because I think the movies will do well," he told me. "I want to do character work. I still like all the movies I've done . . . but with *Foxcatcher* I went deeper. I became obsessed with everything about [Mark Schultz], even the way he holds a fork. . . . I've never dabbled in a sport that is more suffocating than freestyle wrestling. You have an opponent staring you in the face, trying to dominate you. It's fear-driven. You don't want everything you've worked for to go away in a second."

At 35, Tatum now enters a new phase in his career, shifting from box-office draw who can actually act to actor who can fill the seats, and is positioned to be the first honest-to-God movie star of his generation, to take on the dimensions of the classic leading men, to walk the high-quality, big-money road of Redford and Newman. This transformation should be painless. If all goes according to plan, by spring next year you will have a new Channing Tatum, which will really be the old Channing Tatum touched with the angel pixie dust of elite picture-making.

This new stage—call it the Age of *Magic Mike*—opens with two movies, already shot, that will be released in the next several months. In *The Hateful Eight,* Quentin Tarantino's latest revenge fantasy, Tatum appears in an ensemble with Samuel L. Jackson, Kurt Russell, and Tim Roth, among others. In *Hail, Caesar!,* he stars alongside Scarlett Johansson, George Clooney, Ralph Fiennes, and Josh Brolin in the Coen brothers' vision of Old Hollywood.

CLINGING IN THE RAIN
"I think every parent has that moment where they're like, 'Oh, maybe this was a bad idea; we don't know how to do this,'" Tatum says.

"I learned how to act in auditions, not even in movies, but by reading for Thug Number Two or Thug Number One," Tatum told me. "You're trying to learn by reading three lines and hoping that you get the part. I've been at it for 10 years. . . . Now I get to start asking questions, when before I was . . . " (A lot of Tatum's sentences end in ellipses, which drift above his head like thought bubbles.)

But first, in the way of a swan song, or homage to his own past, comes Tatum's sequel to *Magic Mike.* The new movie, beautifully named *Magic Mike XXL,* is about a stripper who, seemingly retired from the stage, returns for one last spree with his old crew. It's a jazzed-up film that plays like a parable: the story of a dancer coming out of retirement but also the story of an actor losing himself in a last slutty romp. If all men are whores and all performers exotic dancers, here is the greatest of the next generation taking one last turn around the pole before moving on to more sober pursuits. *Magic Mike XXL* is the blowout at the end of the summer, in which the house is trashed and the hatreds forgiven before the school bell rings and autumn turns the leaves to flame. "They've been acting like they've been on spring break for 15 years," Tatum said. "Now the ride's over. Everybody's sobering up, having to figure out what they're going to do with the rest of their lives."

A Day at the Zoo

In 1958, the city of Los Angeles built a new zoo in Griffith Park. Rather than destroy the old facility, they simply left it, removing the animals but leaving the paths and cages, empty habitats weed-bestrewn. It remains as an urban ruin, open to the public but as creepy as the Lincoln Memorial grown over with ivy at the end of *Logan's Run* or New York flooded at the end of *A.I.* "Those are good ones," Tatum agreed, "but the standard remains the Statue of Liberty in *Planet of the Apes.* Those bastards blew it up."

Tatum then spoke of ruins in general, how

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"This is a new phase. Having a child, getting to

work with people I've always dreamed of ... "

“Every time I’ve put on a thong and am ready to

TATUM TIME
"For a while I'm going to try to make movies that, even if they don't make a dollar, I'll still be so proud to be a part of them that it won't matter," Tatum says.

FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

they torment with intimations of death and time, yet, in some weird way, are less depressing, helpfully reminding even the most successful of us that, in the end, the tall grass will grow over our mansions.

Tatum had met me in the parking lot a few minutes earlier, unsettlingly handsome in a ribbed gray shirt, beige pants, and Converse, not the normal Converse but the kind of artificially distressed model you imagine an assistant cleaning with Windex at night. He wore a baseball cap sideways and greeted me with a hug. His charm is of the regular-guy variety, the big, sweet kid in the back of study hall who could easily hurt you but chooses not to because, though he excels at football and can be ferocious on the field, he's actually sweet-natured, a force of goodness in the world. Of course, Channing Tatum is not really a regular guy—that's just a trick, movie magic. If anything, he is a regular guy raised to a kind of platonic perfection, jacked to the highest power, multiplied by himself, then multiplied again, thick-shouldered with clear green eyes and a smooth face with a careful scattering of stubble, an imperfection that highlights the perfection of the whole. Though big, he has a kind of dense, dark-star compactness, a physical gathering-in reminiscent of Brando or Tyson—any performer who makes his name with physical presence.

That first hug turned into a fist bump, which dissolved into a smile and grunt, and, just like that, we began walking through the trees toward the cages of the forsaken zoo, the surrounding hills parched and dusty in this, the 15th month of drought. Since I'd last seen Tatum, his wife, actress Jenna Dewan—they met in 2005, while filming *Step Up*—had given birth to their first child, a daughter. Everly is now two years old, but Tatum is still fizzed with the experience of birth, which he talked about excitedly as we reached the first pens. "It was crazy," he said, jumping into what must have been a bear habitat. "You feel helpless. We like to think of ourselves as big, strong men, and we could handle whatever situation. And reality is [that women] are so much stronger than we could ever be. There's a reason why we weren't given that job, evolutionary or whatever. My wife, she's a warrior. She did it as natural as you can. [As a man], you're basically a cheerleader. 'Come on, baby, you can do it.' I would've tapped out in the first.

"It's scary. You made this thing and have to bring it into the world together. You think people are going to be there, but ultimately you just have each other. Knock on wood, everything goes well, now you have a baby. They're like, 'O.K., here you go.' They hand it to you, and you're like, 'Uh, wait a minute. Aren't you guys going to come home with us and make sure we're not screwing this thing up?' I think every parent has that moment where they're like, 'Oh, maybe this was a bad idea; we don't know how to do this.' You can't put it back in there. It doesn't go that direction. But Jenna is a super mom. There's no other way to say it. She is there every single second, every single day. I love being a dad. They're like little mirrors running around. They show you things about yourself you wouldn't pay attention to before. Jenna says it all the time: 'Oh, my God, that is so *you* right there.' But I don't know if I'm good at it."

Me: "I think Woody Allen was right when he said 80 percent of success is just showing up."

Him: "Conversely, I know some guys that would've been better off without their fathers around. It's case-by-case: did you get loved too much or not enough? I now look back on my own parents and have a better appreciation."

To Thong or Not to Thong

Tatum wandered past the monkey house, speaking of childhood, his own and his daughter's. He was born in Alabama. The family moved to Mississippi when he was six, then Florida when he was a teen. His father was a roofer. His mother worked for an airline. Tatum played football, partied, slept at the beach. In the summer, when he was not yet 20, he found his way to the seedy side of what Pinocchio would recognize as Pleasure Island. Whereas he blew in as if from nowhere, with nothing, his daughter will grow up as the scion of stars, trailed by flashbulbs and whispers. "It's a strange life for her," said Tatum. "But compared to what? Everyone's life is strange."

Yeah, well, one unusual thing Tatum's daughter will grow up knowing is the sight of her father dancing, in a thong, as captured in both *Magic Mike*s. We talked about this, a conversation that led to the topic of the new movie, which seems to push the quotient of shocking simulated fucking and other stripper images to the breaking point. "I think this one is probably more what people wanted in the

walk onstage, I'm like, 'Why do I want to do this?'"

first film," he told me. "We just couldn't do it on the first movie. I think we all wanted there to be moments like that in the first film, but the reality of that world is not all giggles and fun. We had to let people understand that we knew the world, that it's a real one, not savory at times, at least the one I was privy to."

He told me about a friend from the old days, a stripper, a brother-in-arms, who, though he's gone straight, every now and then, because nothing matches the thrill, gets in the gear and back on the stage.

I asked Tatum if he'd ever do it again—not in a film, not as a joke, but for real, in front of a mob of women, on a dark night when he could dance one of the classic pieces: the waylaid fireman; the cop who has other ways of settling the ticket; the street rapper who rides the pony. "Well, we're going to start a [*Magic Mike*] show in Vegas, and I'll never say never," he told me. "I wouldn't mind going out there and doing it one more time. Or maybe twice. But, you know, every time I've put on a thong and am getting ready to walk onstage again, I'm like, 'Why do I want to do this?' It's very uncomfortable to be in a thong in front of a thousand people."

Me: "I couldn't wear a thong in front of my own wife."

Him: "Nor should anyone. That was going to be one of our plot points. To thong or not to thong. But *my* wife was like, 'You cannot have a movie without these guys getting in thongs.' "

I asked Tatum if *Magic Mike XXL* could be taken as a parable—a Good-Bye to All That that echoes his own transition from broad comedies and action flicks to more high-class, prestige-type films. He nodded, saying, "I think this is a completely new phase. Having a child, getting to work with people I've always dreamed of . . . I got to work with Kurt Russell. I mean, *holy shit!* It was surreal to walk on set of the Tarantino movie and hear his laugh, a laugh I've heard for years. I grew up on his movies. And there he is, before I've even seen him, laughing and cutting up. *And Sam Jackson!* These guys, they're exactly what you would think watching their movies. I think we as fans put [stars] on a pedestal. You're like, Oh, they must be so cool, and when you meet them, sometimes they might not really be like that—that's not their fault. But these two guys actually *are* like that.

"Quentin, the first five minutes you sit with him, you realize that, one, he'll have forgotten more about movies than I'll ever learn, and, two, he's done more work on your character than you could ever do," Tatum went on. "It's intimidating, but as soon as you get over that, you have a deep security that he's not going to let you do anything that isn't perfectly in line with the dominoes he's set up."

I asked where the Tarantino movie was filmed.

"Telluride. Quentin asked one of the guys that took him onto this mountain, 'What are the chances of us getting an actual blizzard?' He said 100 percent. Well, they had a record low amount of snow that year. Whoever that guy is, he's in a box in Quentin's basement."

Tatum laughed, then kicked a rock, which bounded off the path and over the side of the hill. It fell ledge to ledge, as only a rock in Hollywood can fall.

What about the Coen brothers' movie?

"It's set in the 50s around a studio and a studio fixer, back in the day when there were fixers," Tatum told me. "They'd go around, and if one of the actors was a drunk and would disappear from set, the fixer would know all the haunts and go drag him out of the bar. He'd come in like the Wolf in *Pulp Fiction.* Joel and Ethan have big, big, beautiful storyboards, gorgeously drawn, and bring you into that process. Where most directors have them but don't put them out, Joel and Ethan put them on stands so the entire crew can look. They'll bring all the people in the scene, even in the background, and say, 'All right, this is what we're going to do,' and they walk you through it. I haven't seen a lot of directors do that."

American Idol

We followed a snaking dirt path through the trees as we talked and soon reached a peak. There was a smoggy overlook: highways, office towers, hills—the same hills you see at the end of *Grease* and in every B Western from the 1950s. As Chuck Connors shot it out with the Comanches, you never imagined that, on the other side of that rise, Clark Gable was talking shop at the Brown Derby. I asked Tatum if he knew what we were looking at—this is supposed to be his town. He'd been living in Ojai but just purchased a house in Beverly Hills. *No idea.* I asked if the walk itself struck him as a metaphor. We started down by the cages, in the stink of the low country, but then climbed and climbed, and now, at last, we're on top, above everything. Tatum looked at me, then at the vista with half-closed eyes, concentrating.

"Almost," he said. "I don't know. I actually was thinking about that on the way over here: I was like, I wonder if *he's* going to wonder why we're in an abandoned zoo. This whole walk is surreal. Somebody asked me yesterday, Do you think [your] parents are proud? Of course they're proud, but it's all just strange . . . it's all just weird."

There was a tree on top of the hill that grew horizontally over a precipice. It was akin to the bodhi tree you see commanding the hills on a Chinese scroll. Tatum walked it like a balance beam, as fleet as a gymnast, turning when he reached the end and leaning against the trunk, the world at his back. He is known to put on weight between pictures, balloon toward normality, becoming more like the rest of us, but looked so fit and fine on the trunk of that tree, so much like Magic Mike, that, though I had intended to question him on the meaning of obscurity and fame, I suddenly heard myself asking about his exercise routine. "How do you stay in such good shape?"

"You work out as much as you possibly can to burn, but that part is not hard for me," he said, folding his hands behind his head. "I enjoy it. I have a great trainer and great buddies and we push each other . . . run, cycle, hit the bags . . . CrossFit stuff. But you can do that five times a day and if you're not eating right you're not going to lose anything. There's a bunch of schools of thought. I've gone Paleo, where they let you eat bacon. I've also done the opposite and carbed out in the morning, oatmeal or some sort of a starch. I like grits."

He stretched and yawned, looked over his shoulder, then, as if suddenly realizing the danger of his perch, hopped off the tree and headed down the path, calling after me, "Come on." I asked Tatum if he is among the last of the movie idols—among the last of the stars big enough to draw from every demographic, a last big piece of pie in a market cut into ever smaller slices. He shrugged, uncomfortable, tugged his shirt. A jogger went by and did not recognize him, then did, but said nothing.

"This is something we were just talking about," he said after a moment. "The Brad Pitts, the Leos, the Downeys: Why aren't there new versions of those guys? I think people just know too much about actors, about everything. Behind the scenes. It's almost like the world is so with you all the time, people on the phones and blah blah blah, that to go into a movie theater for three hours and lose that time is harder and harder. People watch TV at home and they're still on their phone, wired. They're even wired to the actors. Twitter, Facebook, Instagram. You feel connected. So that [actor] doesn't feel as mythic anymore. I used to go see movies to watch people because I didn't know anything about them. The only time I got access was in a movie. I wanted to go see the movie because I hadn't seen my guy in a while."

Who was your guy? Who's in your pantheon of actors?

"Oh, God, there's so many, and all for different reasons. I love Paul Newman and Jackie Gleason in *The Hustler.* Jackie Gleason could do it all. People only know 'To the moon, Alice.' What kind of actor can do that and turn around and be such a dangerous man? I love so many actors for so many reasons, so I don’t know if I have a pantheon, but Paul Newman is my . . . You just felt it when you watched *Cool Hand Luke,* that indomitable spirit.”

Having taken a different path down, we reached a series of elaborate enclosures. Dank catacombs, the backstage world of orangutans. The cages had been closed off with wire fence, but Tatum found a hole and squeezed inside. He beckoned me, and soon we were wending through the narrow tunnels of a rank, graffiti-filled, urine-soaked, beer-can-bestrewn, hypodermic-needle-belittered hobo paradise. Tatum made sounds of deep contentment. Taking out his phone, he snapped pictures of the more elaborate tags and designs, which resembled the iconography of some lost religion. “I wish I had my Leica,” he said.

He spoke of his love for images and art as he snapped away, which led him to the subject of directing. “We’ve written and produced, financed, obviously acted. I think now we want to start our slow learning process with being able to call something ours and co-direct it,” he said, speaking for himself and his collaborator and producing partner, Reid Carolin. “We have a bunch of things in the queue. We’ve taken our time, though; we don’t want to direct something just because somebody will give us money. Money, believe it or not, is easy to get.”

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To see Channing Tatum bust out his best **DANCE MOVES** on the set of his cover shoot, go to **VF.COM/AUG2015.**

Tatum is, in fact, attached or rumored to be attached to many future productions, including a remake of *Ghostbusters,* but the prospect that most excites him is a biopic of that greatest of all motorcycle daredevils, Evel Knievel.

Him: “At what point did Knievel realize that people weren’t showing up to see him make it?”

Me: “Oh, you mean they were coming to see him crash?”

Him: “Yeah! Imagine that realization.

“He skirted death a bunch of times,” Tatum went on. “Oh, it was brilliant. More than anything, he’s someone that made something out of nothing. He’s CONTINUED ON PAGE 120

STYLED BY JULIE RAGOLIA; HAIR PRODUCTS BY MARTIAL VIVOT (GYLLENHAAL); GROOMING PRODUCTS BY MAC (ALL) AND TOM FORD (GYLLENHAAL); GROOMING BY LOSI; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

Spotlight

FELLOWSHIP *of the* RING

Southpaw co-stars 50 Cent and Jake Gyllenhaal flank director Antoine Fuqua at the venerable Midtown bar Jimmy’s Corner, in New York City.

50 CENT’S JACKET AND VEST BY JOHN VARVATOS, SHIRT BY CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION, TIE BY BURBERRY LONDON, HAT BY WORTH & WORTH BY ORLANDO PALACIOS; GYLLENHAAL’S COAT AND VEST BY BRUNELLO CUCINELLI, SHIRT BY EIDOS NAPOLI; FUQUA’S VEST AND PANTS BY EIDOS NAPOLI, SHIRT BY JOHN VARVATOS, WATCH BY ROLEX.

Southpaw is in one sense an old-fashioned fight film, a melodrama about a troubled champ looking at the downside of his career through blackened, swollen eyes; minus cussing and a hip-hop soundtrack, the movie could have starred John Garfield or Wallace Beery. As light heavyweight Billy Hope—even the name has old-school zip—Jake Gyllenhaal seethes and twitches with a bottled-up intensity that is similar to, yet worlds away from, the slow-burn creepfest of last year’s *Nightcrawler* (for which, it says here, he should have received an Academy Award nomination, at the least). In able support are 50 Cent as Billy’s not altogether trustworthy manager; Forest Whitaker, channeling Morgan Freeman and Burgess Meredith, as a wily old trainer; Rachel McAdams as Billy’s sparkling, doomed wife (come on, you’ve seen the trailer); and, in the Jackie Cooper role, 12-year-old Oona Laurence, whom you might have spotted on Broadway, where she originated the title role in *Matilda,* or maybe while binge-watching *Orange Is the New Black,* on which she played young Pennsatucky. You will definitely notice her from now on.

But if its plot occasionally takes a soggy turn, *Southpaw’s* fight scenes have a head-snapping kineticism that ranks them with the genre’s greatest and left this writer literally ducking in his seat, he is a tiny bit embarrassed to say. So three cheers for Billy Hope and five for director Antoine Fuqua (*Training Day, The Equalizer*). A former Golden Gloves fighter himself, he put Gyllenhaal through a six-month training regimen, then shot the boxing matches as close to “live” and uninterrupted as possible. “To Jake’s credit, he’s a tough guy,” Fuqua said. “He got caught in the ribs a few times, took a couple shots to the jaw. He’d keep going and I would have to stop shooting—I could see he was in pain. And he’d be like, ‘Nah, I’m O.K.’ ” —BRUCE HANDY

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To see the stars of *Southpaw* get real about the **BOXING** world, go to **VF.COM/AUG2015.**

PHOTOGRAPH BY JUSTIN BISHOP

Spotlight

WAITING FOR GADOT

When asked if there was a prophetic moment in her childhood, one that pointed to the empowered women she has played in her accelerating movie career, Gal Gadot, who was born in a suburb of Rosh HaAyin, Israel, says, "I don't remember this, but my mom told me that when I was three they threw a party on the rooftop of the house. They put me to bed, and I heard people coming into the house and no one came to me. I went to the rooftop and took a hose and I started to spray water on everyone, just to get attention."

"Gal" (which rhymes with "all") means "wave," and "Gadot" means "riverbank," so the water came naturally. As for attention, all through her teens Gadot received offers to model, which, ironically, did not interest her. "I was a dancer for 12 years—ballet, hip-hop, modern, jazz. I thought that I wanted to be a choreographer." After she graduated from high school, during the time before she was to start her two years in the Israel Defense Forces, Gadot was asked to enter the competition for Miss Israel. Thinking it would be an experience she could tell her grandchildren about, she said yes, and then, "extremely surprised," won. After the service Gadot started law school, but a few months later she was invited to audition for a James Bond film. She didn't get the part, but she did land the role of the rather Bond Girl–ish Gisele in *Fast & Furious,* the fourth film in the Vin Diesel series. "It was a very, very big thing for me," she says. "It was the first movie I've ever done and my second project as an actress."

Gadot's career took on speed with three more *Furious* movies and her high-profile casting as Wonder Woman in next year's *Batman v Superman: Dawn of Justice*. The willowy beauty has taken some heat for not being as buxom as the DC Comics character, but she points out that Amazons did not prize large breasts. Meanwhile, she's in two upcoming thrillers—*Criminal* and *Triple Nine*—and has just been signed as the face of Gucci fragrance. Add to that a family—her "amazing husband, very much woman-friendly," she attests, and their daughter, Alma, three years old—and "there's a lot of responsibility," she says. "I'm very grateful for what I have, but it's on me to make it right. And I'm happy for it." —LAURA JACOBS

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To go behind the scenes of Gadot's New York **PHOTO SHOOT**, head to VF.COM/AUG2015.

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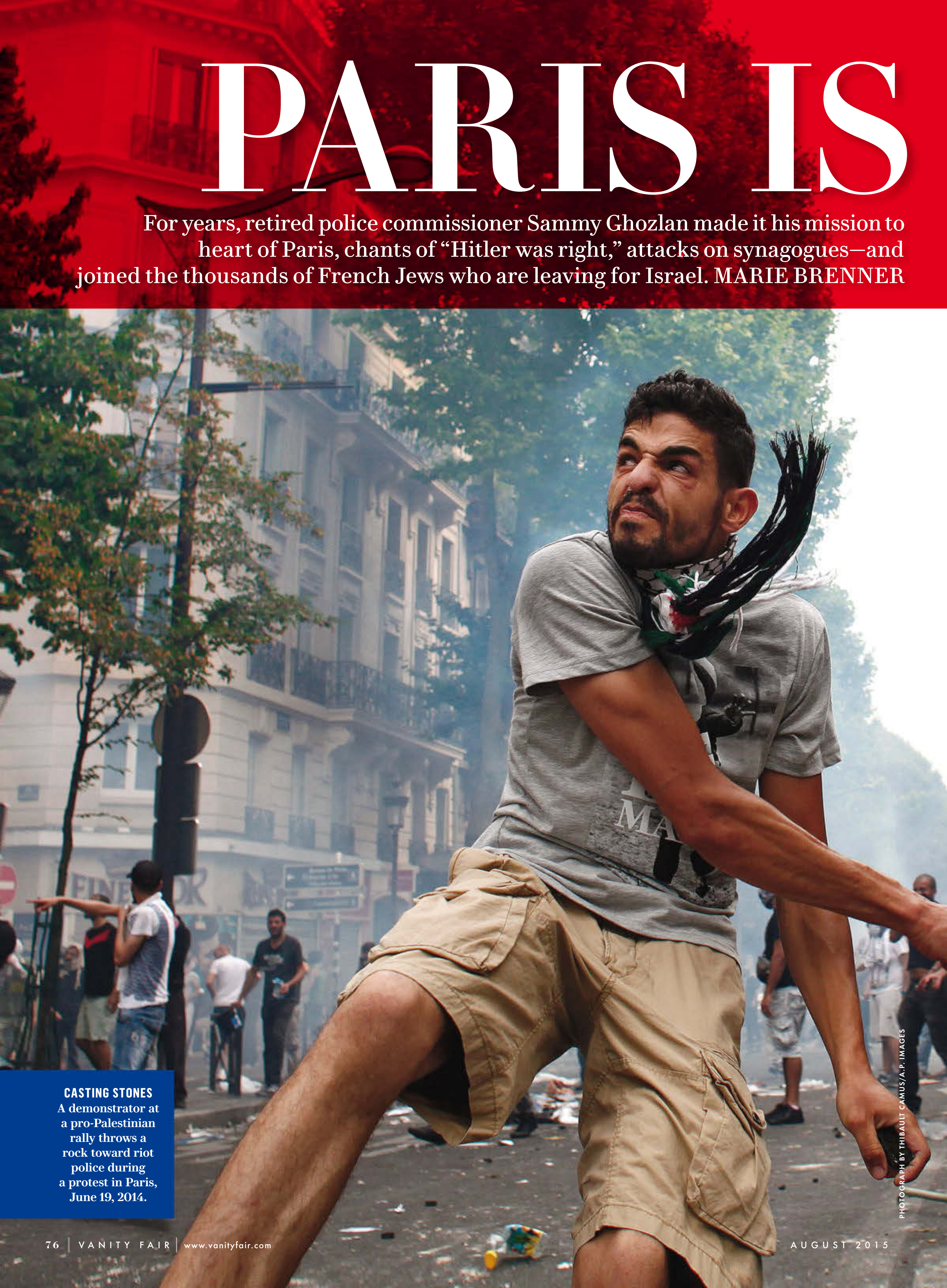
Gal Gadot, photographed at the Hotel on Rivington, in New York City.

GADOT WEARS A TOP BY DONNA KARAN NEW YORK; PANTS BY CALVIN KLEIN COLLECTION; SHOES BY MANOLO BLAHNIK; JEWELRY BY HARRY WINSTON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MIGUEL REVERIEGO

PARIS IS

For years, retired police commissioner Sammy Ghozlan made it his mission to
heart of Paris, chants of "Hitler was right," attacks on synagogues—and
joined the thousands of French Jews who are leaving for Israel. MARIE BRENNER



CASTING STONES A demonstrator at a pro-Palestinian rally throws a rock toward riot police during a protest in Paris, June 19, 2014.

PHOTOGRAPH BY THIBAULT CAMUS/A.P. IMAGES

BURNING

protect France's Jewish population. But amid last summer's riots—swastikas in the the winter's massacres at *Charlie Hebdo* and a kosher market, Ghozlan reports on an incendiary wave of anti-Semitism sweeping through the City of Light

“How can anyone be allowed to paint a swastika on the statue of Marianne, the goddess of French liberty, in the very center of the Place de la République?”

That was what the chairman of one of France’s most celebrated luxury brands was thinking last July, when a tall man in a black shirt and a kaffiyeh leapt to the ledge of Marianne’s pedestal and scrawled a black swastika. All around him, thousands of angry demonstrators were swarming the square with fake rockets, Palestinian and Hamas flags, even the black-and-white banners of ISIS. Here, barely a mile and a half from the Galeries Lafayette, the heart of bourgeois Paris, the chants: “MORT AUX JUIFS! MORT AUX JUIFS!” Death to the Jews. It was Saturday, July 26, 2014, and a pro-Palestinian demonstration turned into a day of terror in one of the most fashionable neighborhoods of the city.

“Do something! Do you see what is happening here?” the chairman said to a line of police officers watching the demonstration build to a frenzy. “What do you expect us to do?” one officer said, then looked away. For years, the chairman, a longtime anti-racism activist, has turned up at rallies like this one to see which politicians and which radical groups were present. (For reasons of personal safety, the chairman asked not to be identified for this story.) France’s endless demonstrations are a mainstay of the republic, a sacred right rooted in the legacy of Voltaire. But hate speech is a criminal offense—people may express their opinions, but not to the extent of insulting others based on their race, religion, or sex. The protest—against Israel’s Gaza policies—had been banned by the government, fearful of violence, following flare-ups in the preceding weeks. But if the police were to move in too quickly, the riots might continue all summer long—suburbs in flames, mobs in central Paris.

Photographs and videos of the swastika and its perpetrator, of protesters chanting “Kill the Jews,” and of the Palestinian, Hamas, and ISIS flags were sent in a rush to various groups in the Jewish community who assess threats. By early afternoon, some of these reached Sammy Ghozlan, a 72-year-old retired police commissioner who has spent his career working the *banlieues,* the belt of working-class, racially mixed suburbs that surround Paris. Ghozlan is a folk hero of the *banlieues* and has a nickname that is impossible to forget: *le poulet cacher*—“the kosher chicken.” (*Poulet* is slang for cop.) For 15 years, he has overseen France’s National Bureau for Vigilance Against Anti-Semitism—known by its French abbreviation, B.N.V.C.A.—a community hotline he founded that is funded by his police pension and whatever small donations he can come by. Its purpose is nothing less than to protect the Jews of France.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NICOLAS GOUHIER/ABACA PRESS/SIPA USA

This past year, Ghozlan’s frequent bulletins—detailing attacks in parks, schools attacked, synagogues torched, assaults on the Métro—have clogged the in-boxes of reporters at *Le Monde, Le Figaro,* and *Le Parisien,* and of thousands of Jews throughout the *banlieues.* Ghozlan’s bulletins sometimes come twice a day, with claims that have also been backed up by hard numbers: according to a watchdog group, the Jewish Community Protection Service, or S.P.C.J., which reports statistics collected by the country’s Interior Ministry, there were 851 recorded anti-Semitic incidents in France in 2014, more than doubling the total from 2013. Ghozlan and his 19 volunteers are on the front lines in the most troubled areas, documenting, trying to confirm, hoping to get a reporter or a police prefect or a court to take action. There has been such an uptick, and such a

NOUS SOMMES *CHARLIE*
More than a million people rally to honor those killed in the *Charlie Hebdo* and Hyper Cacher terrorist attacks, Place de la République, Paris, January 11, 2015.

flurry of alerts from Ghozlan over the past year, that there's always a risk that his efforts will be shrugged off as yet another nuisance.

Just two weeks before the July 26 riot, Ghozlan's texts and messages did not stop. It was Bastille Day weekend, and, on Sunday, July 13, he tracked the hundreds of protesters who rushed into the Marais, Paris's historic Jewish quarter, stopping briefly at an empty synagogue on the Rue des Tournelles, near the Place des Vosges, and then racing, reportedly with iron bars, axes, and flags, toward the Rue de la Roquette, a boutique-and-café-lined street a few blocks from the apartment of Prime Minister Manuel Valls. Their destination was the Don Isaac Abravanel synagogue. Inside, the 200 worshippers—including the chief rabbi of Paris—heard the howls from the crowd, estimated to number about 300: "Hitler was right!" "Jews, get out of France!" Audrey Zenouda, a policewoman who happened to be inside the synagogue, called her father, a retired policeman who works with Ghozlan at the B.N.V.C.A. "Do something. We are terrified here."

"I knew that if anyone could get the police to take action it would be Sammy and the B.N.V.C.A.," Zenouda later told me. Only six police officers were assigned to be on demonstration duty that day. "We are waiting for the assault police to arrive," one told a reporter at the scene. After an hour, a counterterrorism force rescued the chief rabbi, but everyone else was left inside, behind doors barricaded from the inside with chairs and tables. Outside, members of a special security patrol and a dozen members of the self-trained Ligue de Défense Juive began chasing off the demonstrators with chairs and tables from nearby cafés, work-

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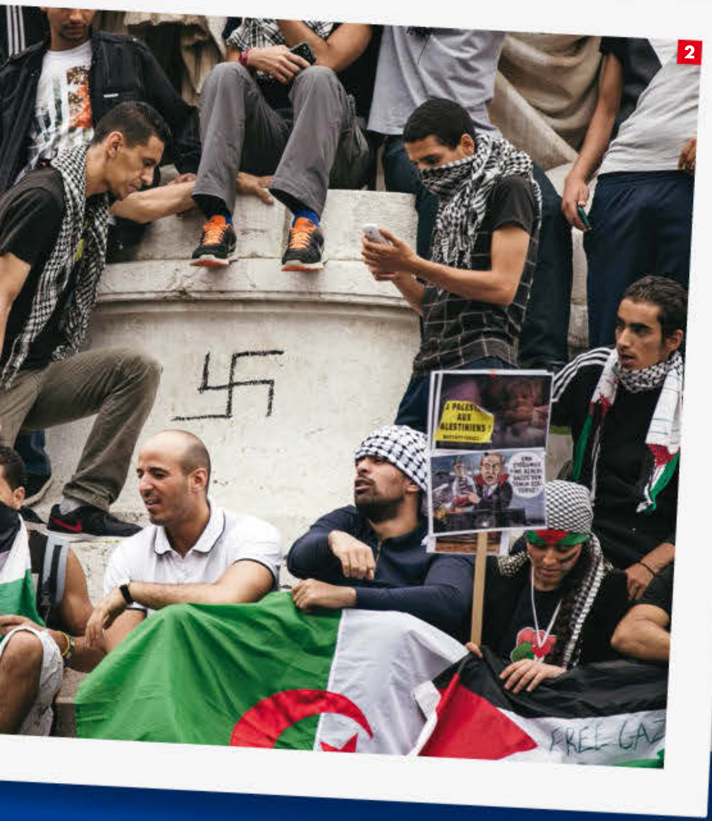
PHOTOGRAPHS © ETIENNE LAURENT/EPA/CORBIS (2), BY AURELIEN MEUNIER/GETTY IMAGES (3), FROM PHOTOPQR/VOIX *DU NORD*/NEWSCOM (4)



2

OPPOSING FORCES
(1) Sammy Ghozlan, photographed by Uriel Sinai, at his new home, in Netanya, Israel. **(2)** The base of the Statue de la République is defaced with a swastika as a protest in support of Palestinians turns anti-Semitic, Paris, July 26, 2014. **(3)** Liberal imam Hassen Chalghoumi speaks at the Sarcelles synagogue during an interfaith service, Sarcelles, France, July 21, 2014. **(4)** A French soldier stands guard at a synagogue in Lille, France, January 12, 2015.

ing with a small unit from the security force. Together, it took them three hours to disperse the crowd and safely evacuate the synagogue.

Almost immediately afterward, the reports of the July 13 demonstration would be challenged and debated. The numbers would be skeptically parsed—were there really so many?—and questions would be asked about actions that might have provoked the violence, as if carrying iron bars and axes around central Paris might be normal. In some circles, there were even accusations that the Jews "brought on the behavior," as they always do.

In the crowd—and many others that would turn the summer of 2014 into a summer of hate in Paris—were representatives of France's political parties, both left and right. France's Muslim population is estimated to be around 5 million, a potential voting bloc in a country of 66 million. (The Jewish population of France is in the neighborhood of 500,000.) Shimon Samuels, the director for international relations at the Simon Wiesenthal Center in Paris—which combats anti-Semitism, Holocaust denial, and extremism, and, through a foundation, helps to fund Ghozlan's hotline—witnessed some of the events of July 13. Among those he recognized in the crowd were a local concierge and bank teller, along with members of the current Socialist government.

Monitoring the footage later, Ghozlan was sickened to see the faces of political allies he had worked with for decades, mostly in what is known as Le Neuf Trois ("9-3"), the area of northern Paris suburbs that he once presided over as a commissioner of police. Le Neuf Trois is the rap name for this district, which has the honor of being, by reputation anyway, the most violent in France. (The name derives from the area's postal codes, which all begin with "93.") It is also where Ghozlan lived for 30 years in a spacious house surrounded by hedges on the Avenue Henri Barbusse in the relatively calm community of Le Blanc-Mesnil.

For Ghozlan, July 2014 was the tipping point, after years of escalating anti-Semitic violence: "There was no debate in our family. We all knew—it is time to go. Leaving is better than running away," Ghozlan later told me. He would ultimately come to think of the summer riots as the predictors of the catastrophes that would play out six months later in the terror attacks at the offices of the satirical weekly *Charlie Hebdo,* three quarters of a mile from the Place de la République, on January 7, 2015, and then, two days later, at Hyper Cacher, a kosher grocery store in the Porte de Vincennes neighborhood of eastern Paris.

By then Ghozlan's classified ad—one nobody who knows him could ever have thought possible—had already been posted: "Renting a house, 4 rooms, 2 bathrooms, a veranda, a garden with 50 m. square." Two days before the *Charlie Hebdo* attack, Sammy announced what, to many, including me, was unthinkable: Sammy Ghozlan, proud Frenchman and the dean of Paris's anti-Semitic crime-fighters, had joined the thousands of French Jews moving to Israel.

The Sephardic Columbo

More than a decade ago, I spent weeks with Ghozlan at the height of the second intifada, the Palestinian uprising against Israeli occupation that began in September of 2000 and lasted more than four years. Ghozlan had recently started the B.N.V.C.A. hotline and was working from a crammed back room in a synagogue in Le Pré-Saint-Gervais. When I first met him, in the fall of 2002, Ghozlan carried a white plastic binder bulging with one-page reports written up from the calls he'd received from tipsters. All day and all night his phone would ring. It never left his hand. More than 300 reports were in that binder: Molotov cocktails thrown at Jewish schools, students called *sale Juif* ("dirty Jew"), ar-

“I LED THE FIGHT FOR 15 YEARS AND ALL OUR WARNINGS MADE NO DIFFERENCE.”

sons, desecrations, a Jewish woman beaten in a taxi. The attacks on the Jews of France had yet to catch the attention of the international press, and Ghozlan could get almost no one in Paris to take him seriously.

Now, 12 years later, Ghozlan’s binder is one of 50 that fill the shelves of his office in central Paris. I went to see him again last spring, when he was back in the city, having undergone surgery to repair a tendon in his leg. The B.N.V.C.A. was still operating, with Ghozlan monitoring from Netanya, a seaside town near Tel Aviv, where as many as 2,000 French Jews immigrated to in 2014, and where Ghozlan moved last December, coming back to Paris every six weeks or so.

Ghozlan resembles a beat-up version of Yves Montand, and the decade since we had seen each other only heightened the effect. Otherwise, not much had changed. He still wears the neat blazer and open shirt that suggest his native North Africa. (He was born in Algeria.) And he was still constantly on the phone, issuing directives to investigate allegations of anti-Semitism. He dispatched volunteer lawyers to the courts to try to stop marauding anti-Israel protesters who stripped kosher and Israeli products from supermarket shelves. And he was entrenched in a longtime legal battle against the anti-Semitic, Holocaust-denying comedian Dieudonné M’bala M’bala, who was recently convicted in Paris of condoning terrorism. “This case obsesses me,” Ghozlan told me. “I have been filing against him for 10 years.” On his iPhone, he shows me dozens of pictures of Dieudonné’s fans in front of the Hyper Cacher, after the bloody hostage crisis of January 9, making the sign of the “*quenelle,*” a Nazi-style salute that Dieudonné created and popularized.

It had been two months since that attack, and Ghozlan was fixated on trying to make sense of what had happened inside the Hyper Cacher, where a 32-year-old terrorist named Amedy Coulibaly, who had grown up in a Paris suburb with his Malian parents, massacred four people in a quiet area of bobos and professionals in Porte de Vincennes. He wore a GoPro video camera strapped to his torso to record the slaughter. He reportedly announced to his hostages: “I am Amedy Coulibaly, Malian and Muslim. I belong to the Islamic State.” By the time the siege was over, four French Jews were dead, including one young man who grabbed a gun that Coulibaly had left on a counter because it had jammed. The day before, Coulibaly had killed a policewoman who was investigating a traffic accident in the suburb of Montrouge.

When news flashed of the Montrouge shooting, Ghozlan was following the situation from Netanya. He had an instinct and contacted a close friend in another Jewish organization who lived nearby. “This morning attack in Montrouge,” he wrote. “Can you check to see if this was near the [Jewish] school?” The answer came: “You are right. The school is close. There are rumors, but you are wrong. We are there and the school is not the target.” Later reports indicated that a Jewish school in Montrouge may actually have been Coulibaly’s original target. In Netanya, Ghozlan had yet to unpack his furniture, but he was already making plans to get back to Paris.

Moving back permanently was out of the question, but it hasn’t been easy for Ghozlan to disconnect. “I am deeply French,” he told me. “I did my military service in the air force. I love France’s values, its culture, its history, its cuisine, philosophers, and artists. I never imagined that I would someday leave. I led the fight for 15 years and all our warnings made no difference.” In 2014, about 7,000 Jews left France for Israel, and this year the anticipated exodus is between 10,000 and 15,000. The Jewish Agency for Israel recently reported that, in 2014, 50,000 French Jews made inquiries about moving to Israel, an astonishing number. In many of France’s public lycées, Jewish students are insulted, classrooms are vandalized, books are defaced, and fights break out in the classroom with any attempt to teach the Holocaust. After the *Charlie Hebdo* and Hyper Cacher attacks, there were reports that classes were disrupted when some Muslim students refused to participate in any memorial for the victims. According to Shimon Samuels, about 40 percent of France’s Jewish students are now in Jewish schools and 35 percent in Catholic schools. “This is an unprecedented situation,” Ghozlan tells me. “We are in new territory here.”

Ghozlan’s phone rings. When he hangs up, he tells me of two unidentified Muslim men who have swept into a Jewish school in Paris’s well-heeled 16th Arrondissement. (Earlier that week, there had been an incident at another Jewish school, in the 11th Arrondissement, an area of professionals, politicians, and writers.) “How did these thugs get into the school?” Ghozlan asks. “They walked around as if they were staking it out.” The school in the 16th was evacuated and the bomb squad deployed. None of this will appear in the press, Ghozlan says. There is a fear in the schools that they will lose more students.

Ghozlan’s voice is the first thing that commands attention—his inflection is almost musical. A part of Ghozlan’s celebrity in the *banlieues* is his reputation as a former bandleader who played three instruments and oversaw orchestras that worked the Jewish-wedding and Bar Mitzvah circuit in Paris, advertising “Groove, Funck, Hassidiques, Israélien . . . Oriental.” He learned his limited English by lip-synching to Gloria Gaynor’s “I Will Survive.”

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTRAND GUAY/AFP/GETTY IMAGES; VIDEO STILL FROM POLARIS

Like 70 percent of France's Jewish population, Ghozlan is Sephardic, part of the group from North Africa called *pieds-noirs* ("black feet"). He lived in the Algerian city of Constantine until 1962, when, at age 20, he fled the country with his family in the wake of the Algerian war, taking with him just "a sandwich and a suitcase," a commonly used *pied-noir* expression. With his wife, Monique, a petite kindergarten teacher he met when they were both in a Jewish youth group in Algeria, he lived in the house in Le Blanc-Mesnil. There were bedrooms for his three daughters and one son, and his mother, who never missed an episode of *NYPD Blue.* When I first met Ghozlan, he struck me as a Sephardic Columbo. Early in his police career, he managed to negotiate order in a part of the *banlieues* that was so violent it was nicknamed Chicago. His method was to offer judo classes to the immigrant populations—many of which spoke Arabic, as Ghozlan does. He was assigned to take care of juvenile offenders, who seemed to respond to his direct style and lack of hyperbole, which he had learned, he told me, from his father, a former chief of detectives in Constantine.

Ghozlan made his counterterrorism reputation when the synagogue on the Rue Copernic was bombed in 1980, an attack that killed 4 people and injured more than 40. Ghozlan learned that the perpetrators were Palestinian sympathizers, not the neo-Nazis the police first suspected. He was made special commissioner to investigate the next major anti-Semitic attack, on Chez Jo Goldenberg, a landmark Jewish restaurant in the Marais, where 6 people, including two Americans, were killed, and another 22 wounded, in 1982. Ghozlan's police career—always running alongside his Bar Mitzvah shows—eventually brought him to head the department in Aulnay-sous-Bois, in Seine-Saint-Denis. He retired in 1998 and in 2000 started the B.N.V.C.A., finding himself almost alone in his fight to protect the Jews of the *banlieues.*

Ghozlan has been awarded the Légion d'Honneur, France's highest tribute. But his urgency has always made him an outlier, an annoyance to the assimilation-conscious, largely secular Jewish establishment concentrated in Paris's preferred arrondissements, who still view him as a publicity hound from the *banlieues,* a Jew who does not know when not to react. However noble Ghozlan's motives, he makes a nuisance of himself with his incessant press releases, I was told a decade ago. That sentiment hasn't changed in some quarters.

When I originally met Ghozlan, he railed CONTINUED ON PAGE 114

TERROR AND TRIBUTE
Right, gunman Amedy Coulibaly, in a still from a video he recorded before the Hyper Cacher attack; *below,* the Hyper Cacher in eastern Paris, January 16, 2015.

A MATTER OF SURVIVAL
Opposite, the staff of *Charlie Hebdo* in 2000, at the satirical weekly's offices, in Paris. (For a key, go to page 124.) *Inset,* more than a million people gather for a rally in Paris on Sunday, January 11, 2015, following the attack on *Charlie Hebdo,* four days earlier.

LARGE PHOTOGRAPH BY BAUMANN/SIPA USA; INSET BY NIGEL DICKINSON/POLARIS

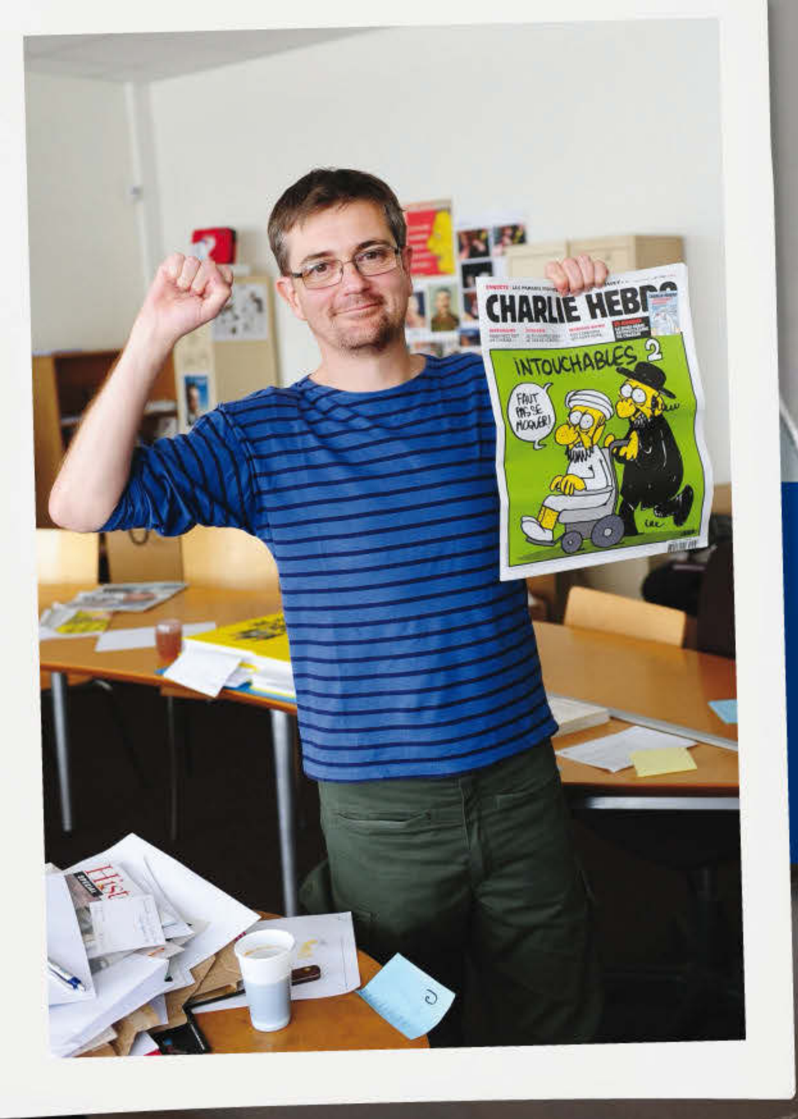
Since the massacre in its Paris offices, in January, *Charlie Hebdo* has laid
the satirical weekly's surviving staff, involves how to handle its sudden wealth:
the conflict, ROGER COHEN explains why *Charlie Hebdo*'s fate

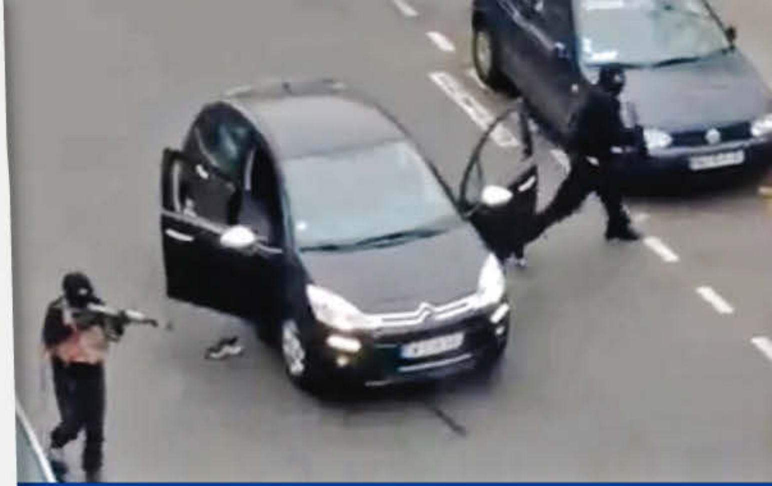
THE CHAR

QUE RESTE-T-IL DU KHOMEINISME ?

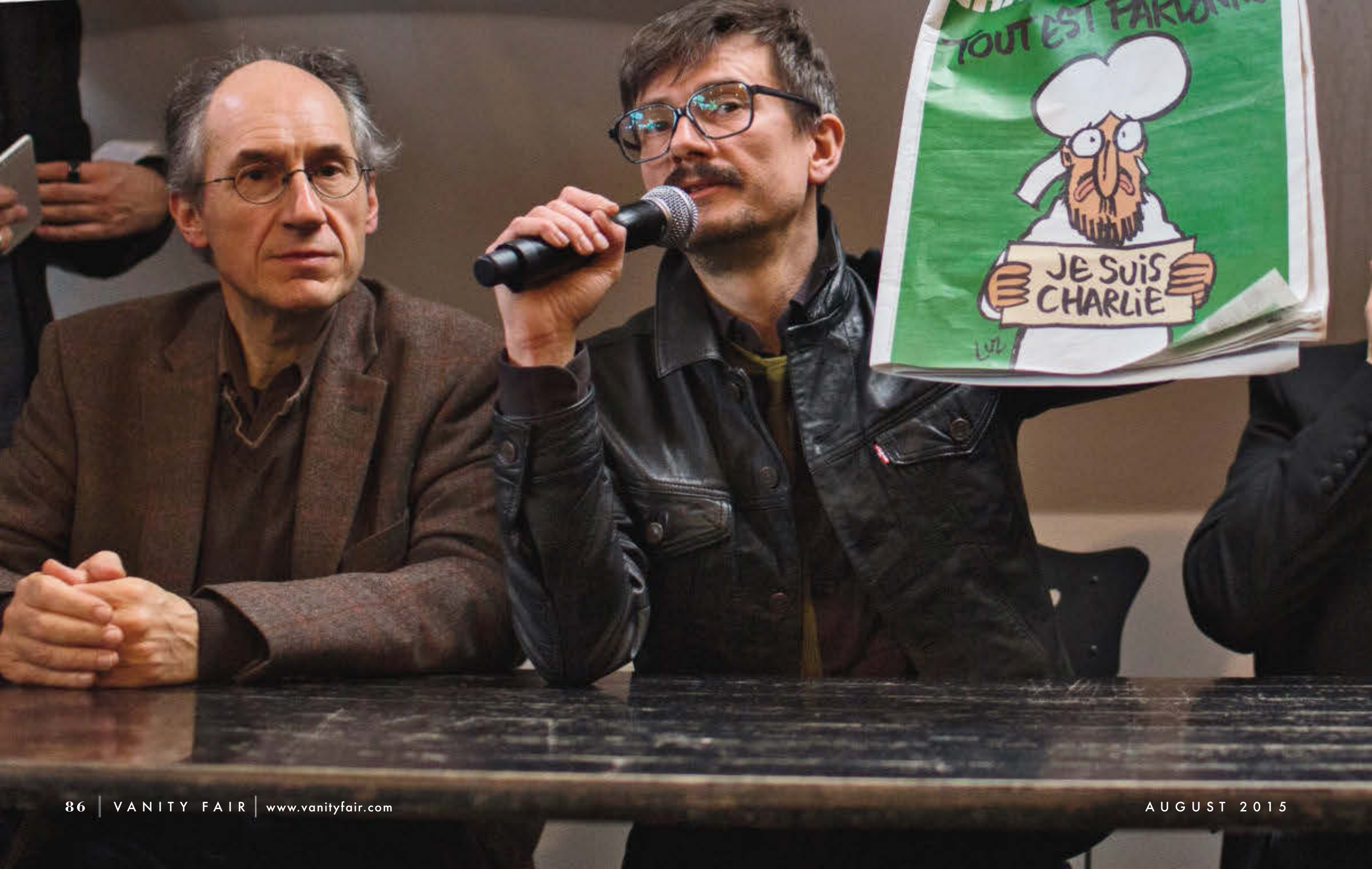
bare some of France's deepest cultural tensions. The latest, which now divides
a reported $33 million in skyrocketing sales, subscriptions, and donations. Probing
will be so important for the country's future—and for democracy itself

LIE WAR





PROPHET AND LOSS
Clockwise from top left: Stéphane Charbonnier, the editorial director and cartoonist known as Charb, who was among the dozen killed at the *Charlie Hebdo* office. Two masked gunmen clash with police during the attack on January 7. Editor in chief Gérard Biard and cartoonist Rénald Luzier, known as Luz, introduce "The Survivors' Issue," published a week after the attack; Luz drew the cartoon of Muhammad for the cover of the issue, which sold almost eight million copies.



If money lies at the heart of discourse in the United States, and sex is taboo, in France it is the opposite. "Pour vivre heureux, vivons cachés," goes an old adage, or "To live happy, live hidden." Money is a reviled non-subject. It is never to be flaunted, preferably not talked about—unlike sex, frequently mentioned because nobody cares. "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity" was the revolution's slogan. The words came in the wrong order. In practice, egalitarianism has almost always held sway over freedom, at least of markets, in the French soul. President François Hollande, who has since changed his tune, propelled himself to the Élysée Palace by declaring, "My principal adversary has no name. It has no face and does not belong to a political party. It has never presented its candidature and has never been elected, but it still governs. This adversary is the world of finance."

For *Charlie Hebdo,* the small satirical weekly transformed into a global symbol of freedom of expression by the slaughter early this year of its staff, money has also been an adversary, an idea that sat uneasily with its history and causes. P&L, for *Charlie Hebdo,* was always more about peace and love than profit and loss. Born (under another name) in the heady communal spirit of the 1960s, it carries in its DNA the heritance of an anarchist left hostile to the perceived ravages of capitalism.

This attitude long sat comfortably enough because *Charlie* has more often been poor than rich. No more: as Gérard Biard, the new editor in chief, remarked in his first editorial after two jihadist killers, the Kouachi brothers, murdered a dozen people at the paper on January 7 to avenge the caricatured Prophet Muhammad, "For a week now, *Charlie,* an atheist paper, has accomplished more miracles than all the saints and prophets together." Foremost among those miracles is newfound wealth.

In the space of a few months, a publication with a storied past but uncertain future, beset by dwindling revenues and readership, casting around for financial support, has been transformed into a cash cow. People who had scarcely heard of the paper now flaunt the ubiquitous "Je suis Charlie" badge. The post-massacre edition, No. 1178, sold some eight million copies, an increase of more than 13,000 percent over previous levels. Subscriptions have soared to more than 200,000 from about 10,000. Donations have multiplied, from Google, the French government, and sympathizers across the world. One Web site garnered close to $2 million through the contributions of 24,500 individuals. As a result, *Charlie Hebdo,* irreverent mocker of all forms of power, reportedly finds itself sitting on more than $33 million in cash, a once unthinkable sum. (The owners have put the figure lower, at roughly $18 million, from sales and donations.)

Blood and Money

This is a ticklish development. A Catholic country that for decades after the war had one of the West's largest Communist Parties, France tends to find money dirty. It is associated with guilt. It is something for which it is best to excuse oneself. There have been great French liberals—Montesquieu, Tocqueville, and Raymond Aron among them—but the word "liberal" tends to conjure up the specter of Anglo-Saxon neoliberal capitalism, against which the Gallic world of solidarity must form a bulwark. As Jacques Rupnik, a prominent political scientist, remarked to me, alluding to Max Weber's classic study on Protestantism, "Nobody has ever written a book called *The Catholic Ethic and the Spirit of Capitalism.*" He laughed. "And now here's *Charlie,* with its inherited hatred of money, suddenly sitting on 30 million euros in the bank."

It is of course easier to take a detached or critical view of money when one does not have any. With millions have come machinations. *Charlie Hebdo* is now 40 percent owned by the parents of the paper's murdered editorial director and cartoonist, Stéphane Charbonnier, or "Charb." Laurent Sourisseau, the writer and cartoonist known as "Riss," owns another 40 percent. Eric Portheault, the finance director, owns the rest. Their shares, once worth little or nothing, are suddenly worth a lot.

Many *Charlie* staffers are unhappy at this tight concentration of newfound wealth. In an extraordinary manifesto published by the daily *Le Monde* in late March, they declared, "We refuse that a handful of individuals take control, either total or partial, in absolute contempt for those who make and support" the paper. The 15 signatories asked, "How are we to escape the poison of the millions that, through exceptional sales and also donations and subscriptions, have fallen into the pockets of *Charlie*?"

Money equals poison. The answer to the venom, they suggested, was to turn the paper into a cooperative "in line with the social economy of solidarity that *Charlie* backs." The paper should cease to be a commercial enterprise. All staffers should be given a stake, but without the possibility of profiting from their shareholdings, in order to guarantee that the "incredible financial reserves" be used wisely to ensure the paper's survival for as much as 30 years. "The cause we defend is in no way financial," the staffers said. "It is a just and moral cause." As this suggests, money and morality stand at antipodes to each other in France.

Among the signatories was Rénald Luzier, known as "Luz," a prominent *Charlie* cartoonist who told *Vice,* "It's not only fundamentalism that kills people, it's money that kills people." Another was Patrick Pelloux, a journalist with a dozen years of experience at the paper, who told me, "It is not through our talent that we got this money. It is through a massacre. And we need a collective system to do the right thing with it."

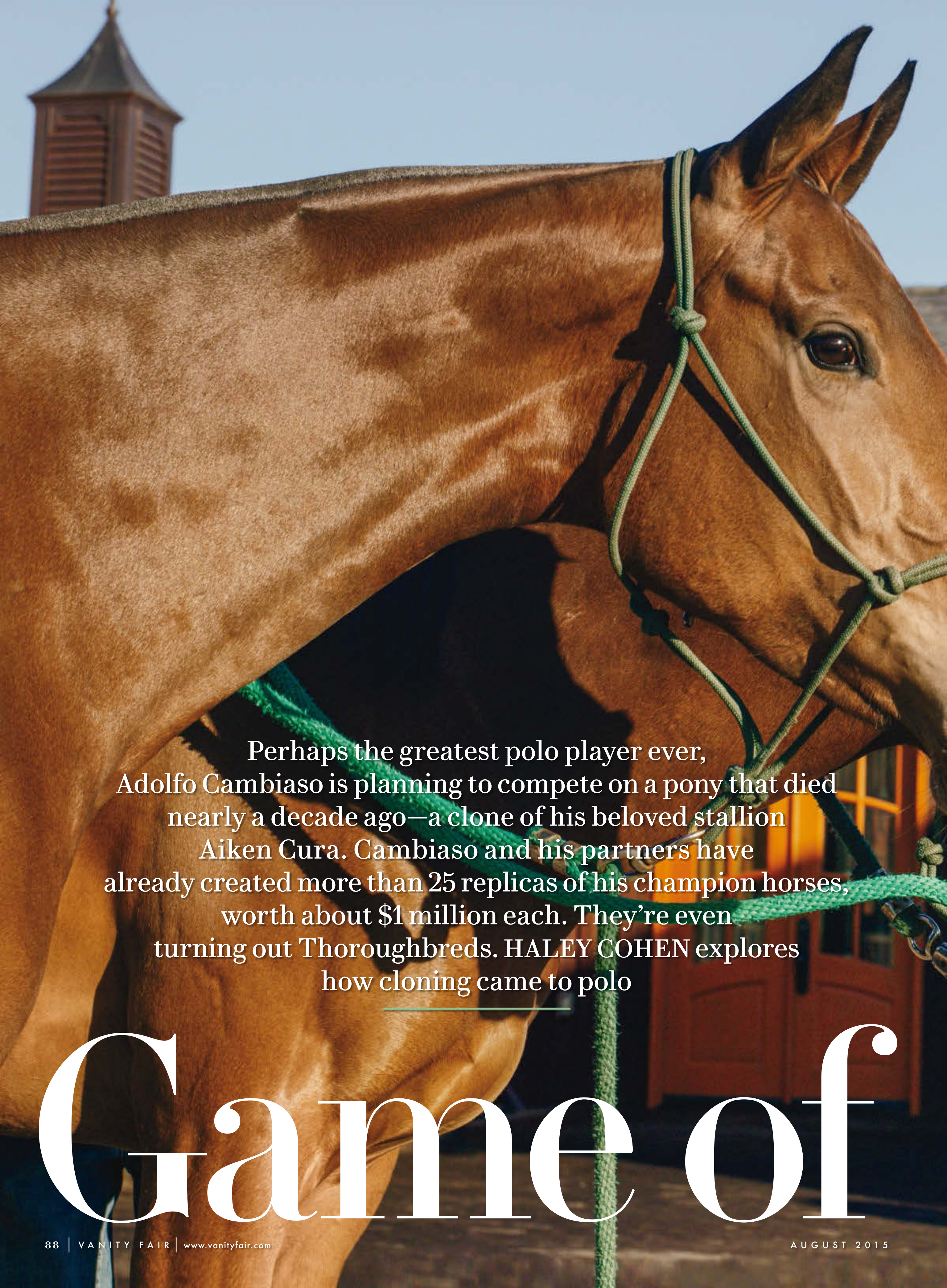
The position of Gérard Biard, the editor in chief, has been blunt. He suggested that a *Le Monde* account of the financial and other tensions within the paper could "complete what the Kouachi brothers started"—the destruction of *Charlie Hebdo.* The paper now stands at the nexus of a many-layered battle in France over money, culture, and Islamist terrorism.

Tragedy and Tribulations

Patrick Pelloux has another life outside *Charlie.* He is an emergency-room doctor, accustomed to traumatic injury, a man schooled to make tough decisions fast. But nothing in his training prepared him for the scene he confronted on January 7—his colleagues at *Charlie Hebdo* shot at point-blank range with Kalashnikovs. Summoned by a call from a friend, Pelloux was the first to reach the satirical weekly's small meeting room. Grief and professional instinct vied with each other as the physician-journalist performed rapid triage on his fellows: dead, dead, gravely injured, dead.

On Pelloux sifted, through almost a dozen corpses. Two of his friends, the cartoonist Jean Cabut (known as "Cabu") and the economist Bernard Maris, were still seated, slumped against each other at the table. Others had slipped from their chairs to the blood-soaked floor. Pelloux relives CONTINUED ON PAGE 123

PHOTOGRAPHS: CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT, BY MOUSSE/ABACA PRESS/SIPA USA, FROM SIPA USA, BY BAPTISTE GIROUDON/PARIS MATCH/GETTY IMAGES



Perhaps the greatest polo player ever, Adolfo Cambiaso is planning to compete on a pony that died nearly a decade ago—a clone of his beloved stallion Aiken Cura. Cambiaso and his partners have already created more than 25 replicas of his champion horses, worth about $1 million each. They're even turning out Thoroughbreds. HALEY COHEN explores how cloning came to polo

Game of

CARBON COPIES
Two clones of
the polo pony Raptor,
photographed at
Crestview Farm,
in Aiken,
South Carolina.

Clones

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONATHAN BECKER

When the world's most important polo championship went into overtime in 2006, the audience looked to Adolfo Cambiaso to break the tie. Then 31 years old, Cambiaso had already led the winning team at the Campeonato Argentino Abierto de Polo—known as the Palermo Open—five times before, earning himself a reputation as perhaps the best polo player in history. Three minutes after the starting bell, with the score still tied, the gifted Argentinean galloped down the field to swap mounts. Throughout the fierce game, Cambiaso had relied heavily on his favorite horse, an agile chestnut stallion with a bold white face named Aiken Cura, and he wanted to let the champion rest. As the pair made their way toward Cambiaso's stabling area, the exhausted Aiken Cura's front left leg suddenly gave out. When Cambiaso felt the horse begin to limp beneath him, he leapt out of his saddle and threw his blue-and-white helmet to the ground in anguish.

"Save this one whatever it takes!" he pleaded, covering his face with his gloves. But the leg had to be amputated below the knee, and eventually Cambiaso—whose team won the Palermo Open that year and would go on to win the tournament another five times—was forced to euthanize his beloved Cura.

Before he said his final good-bye, however, he had a curious request: he asked a veterinarian to make a small puncture in the stallion's neck, put the resulting skin sample into a deep freeze, and store it in a Buenos Aires laboratory. He remembers, "I just thought maybe, someday, I could do something with the cells."

His hope was not in vain. With the saved skin sample, Cambiaso was able to use cloning technology to bring Aiken Cura back to life. These days, a four-year-old, identical replica of Cambiaso's star stallion—called Aiken Cura E01—cavorts around a flower-rimmed field in the Argentinean province of Córdoba, where he has begun to breed and train for competition.

Now 40 years old, Cambiaso is ruggedly handsome, with long brown hair, covetable bone structure, and permanent stubble. But in spite of his athleticism, good looks, and wealth, he is surprisingly shy. Walking across the Palermo polo field, where he's come to watch his oldest daughter play, he speaks in short spurts, as if he would rather not be talking to a stranger. Staring into the distance, he says, "Today, seeing these clones is more normal for me. But seeing Cura alive again after so many years was really strange. It's still strange. Thank goodness I saved his cells."

Aiken Cura is one of a number of horses that Cambiaso has duplicated. Through their company, Crestview Genetics, Cambiaso and two wealthy polo enthusiasts—the founder, Texan Alan Meeker, and Argentinean tycoon Ernesto Gutiérrez—have created more than 25 clones of Cambiaso's champion polo horses and around 45 clones in total. Some are already breeding, and a few others began to play in top tournaments last year. Since the company's establishment, in 2009, the partners have cloned not only for themselves but also for other international polo players who are willing to shell out around $120,000 per horse. Crestview is one of only two commercial groups in the world replicating polo horses, and it is the more prolific.

Cambiaso's endorsement of cloning has helped dampen the debate that would generally accompany such an outlandish innovation. If the top player in the world is doing it, polo buffs reason, cloning must have merit. But breeders are concerned that increasing the availability of genetically promising polo ponies will push prices down across the market, threatening their businesses. Players worry they'll need to clone to stay competitive, and they complain that the process is costly and inefficient. Other horsemen—not to mention the general public—are simply freaked out by it. Will the clones have health issues or die young? Is cloning tantamount to playing God? "People come up to me all the time and ask, 'Why? How many? Does it work? Are they real horses?' " Cambiaso admits. But even the doubters concede that Crestview has started a cloning revolution. The question is no longer if cloning will transform polo but how. And, further, where will it stop?

An $800,000 Pony

Cloning began long before the world started paying attention to it, in 1996, when Dolly the Sheep, the first mammal successfully cloned from an adult cell, clomped into the world. One hundred years before, in 1885, Hans Driesch created two identical sea urchins by jiggling a two-celled urchin embryo until the cells separated and grew into their own creatures. Through much more sophisticated processes, scientists have since cloned pigs, cows, dogs, cats, ferrets, goats, and horses. (It is estimated that there are now around 300 cloned horses in the world, although no one has really kept track.) Now, with Crestview's efforts, polo—the ancient "game of kings"—has found itself on the frontiers of cloning technology.

It was Meeker, a 50-year-old financier

"TODAY, SEEING CLONES IS NORMAL FOR ME. BUT SEEING CURA ALIVE AGAIN WAS REALLY STRANGE. IT'S STILL STRANGE."

PHOTOGRAPHS: BOTTOM LEFT, COURTESY OF LA DOLFINA POLO LIFESTYLE; BOTTOM RIGHT, BY JULIÁN BONGIOVANNI

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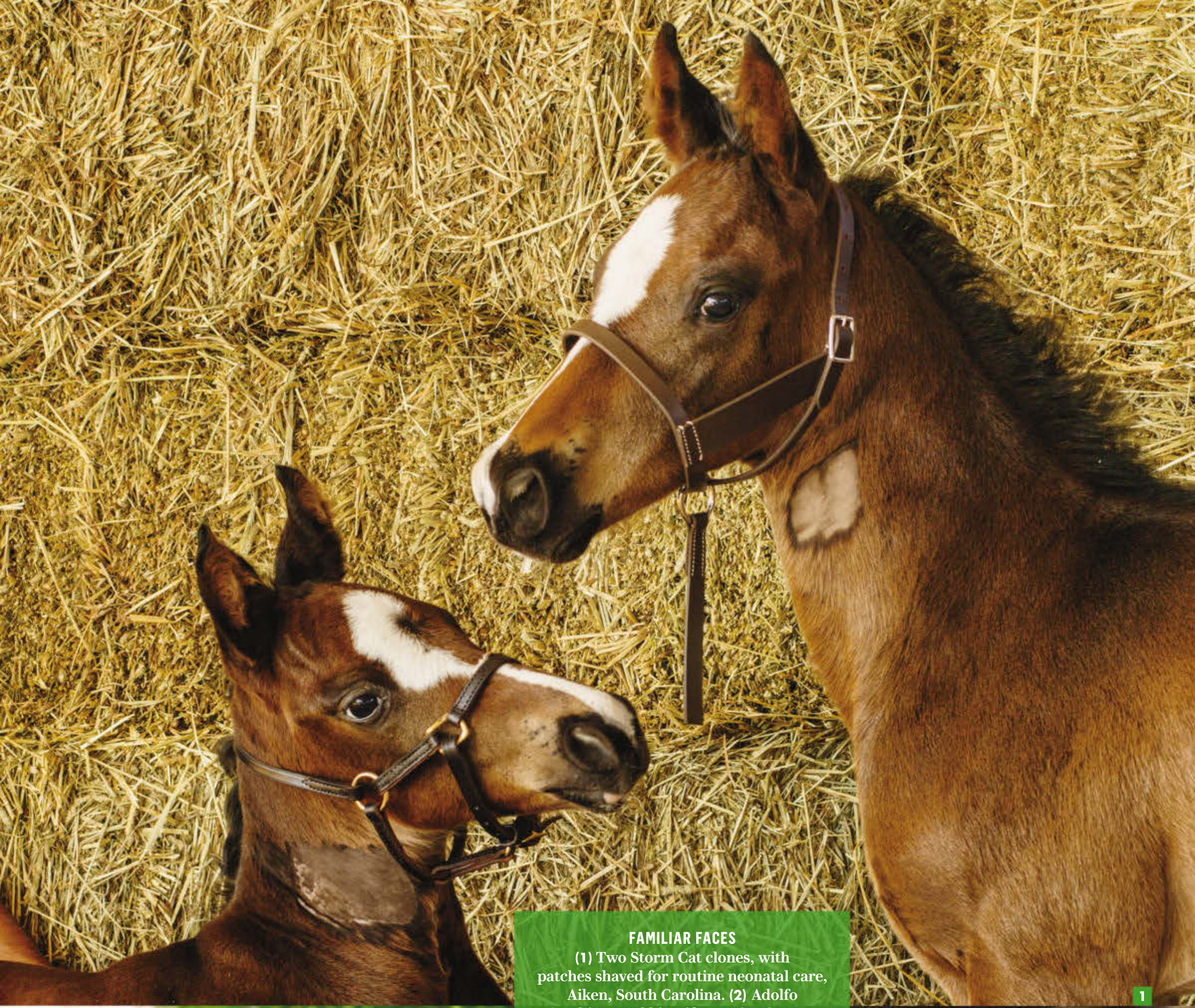

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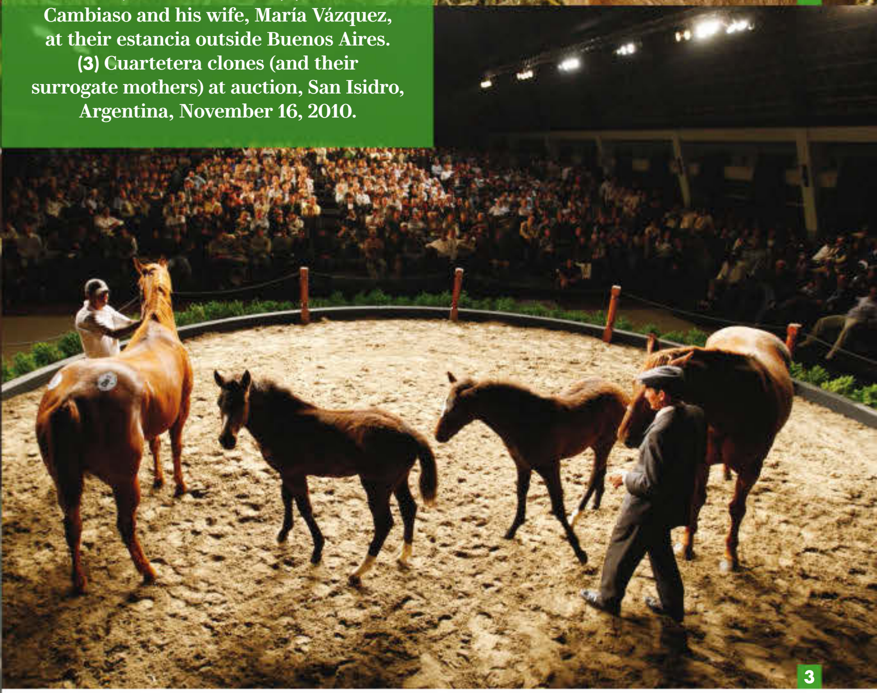
FAMILIAR FACES

(1) Two Storm Cat clones, with patches shaved for routine neonatal care, Aiken, South Carolina. **(2)** Adolfo Cambiaso and his wife, María Vázquez, at their estancia outside Buenos Aires. **(3)** Cuartetera clones (and their surrogate mothers) at auction, San Isidro, Argentina, November 16, 2010.



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SEND IN THE CLONES
(1) Four Cuarteteras at Cambiaso's farm in Córdoba Province, Argentina. **(2)** An incubator at the Crestview Genetics lab, near Buenos Aires. **(3)** Donor cells being prepared for transfer into host eggs. **(4)** The removal of a nucleus from an egg. **(5)** Alan Meeker and Cambiaso, with a clone of Small Person, at Cambiaso's Córdoba farm.

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“I REALIZED IT WOULD TAKE $100 MILLION AND 50 YEARS TO GET THE HORSES I WANTED THROUGH CONVENTIONAL BREEDING.”

with silver hair and a penchant for cowboy boots, who first envisioned Crestview Genetics. The son of a wealthy Texas oilman, Meeker grew up in Fort Worth surrounded by horses. When he was in his 20s, a friend persuaded him to try polo, and he was immediately hooked, playing whenever he could. But after Meeker had two sons and his investments—mostly in energy—began to flourish, his free time became limited, and in 2000 he reluctantly took a polo hiatus.

A few years later, Meeker was researching a natural-gas field he hoped to purchase in Fort Worth when something caught his attention. The land seemed to belong to Imelda Marcos: “You know, the notorious Filipino First Lady with all the fancy shoes,” Meeker recalls, his eyes twinkling in recognition of the absurdity as he leans back on a sofa in the stylish Buenos Aires apartment he has rented for polo season. The Marcos regime was notoriously corrupt, so, before proceeding with the deal, Meeker wanted to make sure the plot hadn’t been purchased with dirty money. With help from a friend who had worked for the U.S. government, he tracked down the former First Lady in the Philippines to investigate.

The pair spoke on the phone many times over the course of several months, racking up substantial long-distance phone bills. Marcos clearly felt misunderstood, Meeker recollects, and was worried about rectifying her ghastly legacy. Eventually, thanks to his considerable charm, Meeker coaxed her into admitting that her husband had bought the Texas gas field using a front man.

Meeker’s land purchase had hit a serious snag, but he had gained something else from his dealings with Marcos: a thrilling idea. During one of their many chats, he had mentioned his diabetes diagnosis, and Marcos responded with a recommendation. When one of her lawyers had come down with cancer in his pancreas, her doctors attempted to clone him a new one. Why didn’t Meeker try the same?

Meeker was never able to find a scientist who could replicate his pancreas, the organ that produces insulin. (Instead, he is undergoing an innovative stem-cell treatment in India.) But in researching the possibility, he became an amateur expert on cloning. While his fascination with the process endured, his awe receded as he began to better grasp the scientific principles behind it. Cloning became so familiar to him that when Meeker decided to return to polo, in 2007, the idea of filling his stalls with clones seemed natural rather than bizarre. “I did the math and realized it would take me $100 million and 50 years to get the quality of horses I wanted through conventional breeding,” he says. “I decided I didn’t want to spend either.” Instead, he turned to cloning.

Of all the equine disciplines, polo is the most open to cloning. There are no restrictions on which breeds polo players can use to compete, and so clones are just as kosher as Thoroughbreds and Criollos, the sturdy local stock often used to breed Argentinean polo ponies. The body that governs polo competition is extremely progressive, allowing breeders and players to experiment with any breeding technology that might elevate the level of play. More important, in show jumping or dressage a rider competes on one horse, but polo players often use more than 10 horses in a single match.

Polo stars readily acknowledge that their success depends largely on the quality of these mounts. Having excellent horses is especially crucial for professionals and ambitious amateur players such as Meeker. Determined to amass the most formidable fleet possible, the Texan approached the world’s top players about cloning their steeds.

He expected to be met with hesitation. Many polo players run lucrative breeding outfits and could have felt threatened by his idea. But he was hopeful about his prospects with Cambiaso, because he had heard that the Argentinean champion was curious about cloning. And indeed Cambiaso responded that he had been waiting for such a proposition ever since his beloved Aiken Cura had to be put down.

The men first met in 2009, at the suburban-London farm of Ali Albwardy, a wealthy Emirati businessman who hires Cambiaso to play on his Dubai Polo Team, alongside his son Rashid. Meeker was in London to play a charity match against British princes William and Harry; Cambiaso was there for the English season. Not one to idolize players, Meeker chatted with Cambiaso about his kids and his horses without registering that he was talking to the world’s top polo player. Later, he arranged a proper meeting with Cambiaso to discuss how they could work together.

At first Meeker’s interest in cloning was merely personal, but he sensed a business opportunity too. When Cambiaso also seemed enthusiastic about the idea, Meeker knew they were on to something. Realizing that he was “just a gringo from Texas, trying to clone the best polo ponies in the world,” and that he needed access to star horses for any commercial venture to succeed, he offered Cambiaso full partnership in Crestview.

Cambiaso eagerly accepted, excited more by the implications for his competitiveness than by the possibility of padding his pockets. Money seems far from Cambiaso’s mind. When not aboard a horse, he dresses in baseball hats, shabby hoodies, and open-toed sport sandals or sneakers, despite owning his own clothing line, La Dolfina Polo Lifestyle, named after his champion polo team. He avoids polo’s glitzy social scene in favor of spending time CONTINUED ON PAGE 118

The Girls He

When Paul Newman died, in 2008, he left his Newman's Own food empire, and the charitable foundation it supports, in the hands of his friend and adviser Robert Forrester. But, as MARK SEAL reveals, his oldest daughter and others say Forrester has not honored the iconic star's legacy

PHOTOGRAPH © GLOBE PHOTOS/ZUMAPRESS.COM, DIGITAL COLORIZATION BY VANITY FAIR

Left Behind

THE PARTY'S OVER Joanne Woodward, youngest daughter Clea, and Paul Newman at a party for Paul's 50th birthday at La Cave Henri IV restaurant, New York City, January 26, 1975.

ONLY SON
Newman's son, Scott, on location for *The Great Waldo Pepper*. *Opposite,* Paul, Joanne, and daughters (clockwise from left) Clea, Nell, Melissa, and Stephanie, in 1973.

The first clue something was wrong was the change in the label.

It was still playful and lighthearted, radiating a message of goodness and giving on the packages of food products sold by Newman's Own Organics, the all-organic spin-off of Newman's Own specialty foods. The old label had pictured movie star Paul Newman in an *American Gothic* pose beside his daughter Nell, who had co-founded and run Newman's Own Organics alongside her father's larger company. Blonde and beautiful, with her father's famously striking blue eyes, Nell shared his love of food, philanthropy, and the outdoors. So it was strange when, earlier this year, her image went missing from the labels on the packaging of her company's organic pretzels, Fig Newmans, and more than 100 other organic products. As it turned out, Nell herself had gone missing from the company that she had started in her home in 1993 in Santa Cruz, California, after convincing "Pop" (as she and her four sisters called their father) that organic foods were the wave of the future.

In reporting one of the first magazine profiles of Nell and her all-organic crusade, in 1995, I encountered a forceful, outspoken young woman, who told me how she planned, through pretzels (her company's first product), to take the organic-food movement mainstream. Over the years I watched with wonder from afar as she made it happen: within its first year, Newman's Own Organics pretzels became the No. 1 organic snack food in America, and soon after her Fig Newmans were the No. 1 organic cookie. Nell, now 56, and her business partner, Peter Meehan, created an ever expanding catalogue of products that filled the shelves not only of organic-food stores but also of supermarkets from coast to coast. In fact, the organic line eventually threatened to become as popular as the salad dressing, popcorn, pizza-and-spaghetti sauce, and nearly 100 other products sold by the non-organic Newman's Own food empire, which had been founded in 1982 by Paul Newman and his friend the writer A. E. Hotchner.

What was behind this extraordinary vanishing act of Paul Newman's daughter?

Before he was a food entrepreneur, Paul Newman was one of the great movie stars from the 1950s through the 1980s, not only a heartthrob with chiseled features and piercing blue eyes but also a seriously accomplished actor. Along with Montgomery Clift, James Dean, and Marlon Brando, he came out of Lee Strasberg's legendary Actors Studio, and like the others he often portrayed rough-hewn, charismatic outsiders. Newman's own version of this prototype was handily described by Shawn Levy in his 2009 biography, *Paul Newman: A Life.* "For fifty years, on-screen and off, Newman vividly embodied certain tendencies in the American male character: active and roguish and earnest and sly and determined and vulnerable and brave and humble and reliable and compassionate and fair." Newman perfected this character in a string of popular movies that featured his icy masculine cool: *The Hustler* (1961), *Hud* (1963), *Cool Hand Luke* (1967), *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* (1969), and *The Sting* (1973), among others.

Newman's macho screen image was reinforced by his personal life, which he kept private. He neither preened for the paparazzi nor pursued the glamorous life lived by other Hollywood stars of his caliber. He preferred to putter around his spacious but hardly spectacu-

"THE NEWMAN FAMILY HAS BEEN
TAKEN HOSTAGE
BY BOB FORRESTER," SAYS SUSAN NEWMAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, FROM MPTVIMAGES.COM; RIGHT, BY MILTON H. GREENE/
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IN GOOD COMPANY
(1) Newman's Own employees, from left: Lori DiBiase, Dave Best, Kelly Giordano, Mike McGrath, Ron Restani, Pamela Papay, and Robert Forrester. (2) A. E. Hotchner and Paul in 1988. (3) Nell, photographed by Annie Leibovitz, 2008. (4) Paul in 1982.

lar 12-room Colonial in Westport, Connecticut, on 10 acres, with his second wife, the actress Joanne Woodward, and their children. His hobby was auto racing, and he was no dabbler. He won four national amateur titles, two professional race victories, a second-place finish at the 24 Hours of Le Mans, and a victory in his team's class at Daytona.

In later years Newman also came to be much admired for his charitable activities. His Newman's Own Foundation, which is entirely supported by the profits of the Newman's Own food empire, has supported good works to the tune of $430 million since its creation, and it continues today to help fund programs in four main "focus areas": children with life-limiting conditions, empowerment, nutrition, and encouraging philanthropy.

What About Bob?

After Newman's death, in 2008, one person took charge of his legacy—both the food company and the related charitable foundation: Robert H. Forrester. He met me one morning in the then Westport offices of Newman's Own, Inc., where images and reminders of Paul Newman are *everywhere:* on movie posters and in photographs on the office walls and on the memorabilia scattered about. Newman's pool table and popcorn machine are still there, too. To begin my visit, Forrester played a promotional video, made in 2007, in which Newman is once again at his side. "He could have been interviewed [in the video] by anybody [else]," said Forrester proudly. "And Paul said [to me], 'I want *you.*'"

The two men were complementary. Simply wanting to give away the company's ever increasing profits, Newman loathed the details of business, while Forrester reveled in them. "'Forrester, what's going to happen when I croak?'" Forrester remembered the man he calls his "great friend" asking. "And I said, 'If you somehow figure out how to come back for a visit 10 years after you pass, it will feel right to you.'"

White-haired and wearing a green gingham shirt beneath a green V-necked sweater, Forrester, 67, seemed to me like a kindly and earnest uncle. For four hours, he and his sizable staff explained how they are preserving and expanding Newman's legacy. "Paul didn't give his heart easily, but he put a lot of trust in Bob," said Pamela Papay, who became Newman's Own, Inc.'s first employee, in 1984. "Bob was a giver and not a taker."

A veteran consultant to nonprofit organizations, Forrester was enlisted by Newman in 1993, to straighten out problems the actor was having in opening his first foreign Hole in the Wall Gang Camp (named after the Wyoming mountain pass where Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch outlaw gang hid out), for seriously ill children. The two men eventually became such close friends that Forrester worked for 13 years for Newman and his organization for free, Forrester says, and donated $2.7 million of his own money to Newman-related charities. In 2005, Newman appointed Forrester as the first president and C.O.O. of the Newman's Own Foundation, and later, chairman and C.E.O. of Newman's Own, Inc., and co-executor of his will. In the six years since Newman's death, Forrester told me, the food company's top-line revenue has grown 7.25 percent in compounded annual revenues, and the Newman's Own Foundation has given away more than $170 million.

NEWMAN'S OWN STAFF PHOTOGRAPHED BY BEN HOFFMAN; GROOMING BY SUSAN PHEAR; PRODUCED ON LOCATION BY SUSAN PHEAR. PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF NEWMAN'S OWN FOUNDATION (2), BY FRED SQUILLANTE/A.P. IMAGES (4)

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“There’s no other company out there doing anything like this, where *every* cent we make we give away,” said Mike McGrath, who introduced Wolfgang Puck soup and helped sell it to Campbell’s in 2008, before succeeding Forrester as C.E.O. of Newman’s Own, Inc., in 2014.

“We always say it’s about quality trumping the bottom line. That’s what Paul said. It’s all for the common good,” said Newman’s Own, Inc.’s new president and C.O.O., Dave Best, whose former jobs at General Mills and Unilever involved managing such iconic brands as Cheerios and Hamburger Helper.

At the end of our meeting, I joined the staff for an all–Newman’s Own lunch before being sent off with a Baggie of Newman’s Own cookies. I found it all inspiring and uplifting. But even while the foundation remains a global force in funding good works, some people have doubts about whether Newman’s wishes are truly being fulfilled. The questions have come from some of Paul Newman’s daughters and friends, and also, according to sources, from Joanne Woodward, who, upon hearing the details of the disposition of her husband’s reported $600 million estate, allegedly exclaimed, “Oh, my God, that’s not what it was supposed to be!”

“Whether my family will go public [with our complaints] or not, there isn’t a single living Newman who respects or has faith in Robert Forrester and his management of my father’s food company, Newman’s Own Foundation, or the continuation and protection of his legacy,” Paul Newman’s eldest daughter, Susan Kendall Newman, tells me. Susan, 62, is a former actress and award-winning television producer who supplies media and production services for nonprofit organizations. Friends describe her as smart, outspoken, and possessing a strong social conscience.

“Some family members may be angry at me for speaking out,” says Susan. “But I feel like the Newman family has been taken hostage by Bob Forrester. I think Mr. Forrester has forgotten that it is a privilege and enormous responsibility for him to preside over my father’s legacy and carry out his wishes. He seems to be more interested in self-aggrandizement and lavish trappings. [Forrester says

“PAUL NEVER THOUGHT OF NEWMAN’S OWN AS A FAMILY ENTERPRISE.”

JOANNE WOODWARD ALLEGEDLY EXCLAIMED, “OH, MY GOD, THAT’S NOT WHAT IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE!”

this characterization of him is “totally untrue.”] My father would never support many of the things he is doing.”

Her four sisters are all distressed by the situation, Susan says. (The two oldest daughters, from Newman’s 1949 marriage, to actress Jacqueline Witte, are Susan, who lives in California, and Stephanie, 60, who leads a quiet life away from the family business and foundation. A son, Scott, died in 1978. Newman’s three daughters from his second marriage, to Joanne Woodward, are Nell, 56; Melissa “Lissy” Elkind, 53, who has volunteered at a Connecticut women’s prison; and Claire “Clea” Soderlund, 50, who has long been involved in philanthropy in Westport and beyond.) But the others have remained silent for fear of making the current situation worse, Susan says, or are bound by confidentiality agreements.

“I will not be muzzled any longer,” she says.

Salad Days

“It was just a joke, a lark,” 94-year-old writer A. E. Hotchner said, sitting in his sunny Westport house, four miles from the Newmans’ former home. He and Newman met in 1955, when Newman starred in *The Battler,* a television play Hotchner had written based on a Hemingway short story. The two men quickly became lifelong close friends. (Hotchner jokingly claims in his 2010 memoir, *Paul and Me,* that they bonded over being the two most inept fishermen ever.)

Hotchner recalled how, a few days before Christmas in 1980, Newman phoned to say, “How about coming over and giving me a hand with something?” Hotchner did, only to find his friend drinking beer in his barn, with “a big washtub of vinegar and olive oil and condiments and a lot of dirty wine bottles. It was ridiculous, but it was fun. We drank beer and we mixed up the stuff.”

“The stuff” was Newman’s soon-to-be-famous salad dressing, which he had bottled for years and given away. Newman and Hotchner tied ribbons around the wine bottles, gathered their kids, and went Christmas caroling, distributing the bottles along the way. One of Newman’s neighbors then was a young caterer named Martha Stewart, who held a blind taste test. Newman’s was voted No. 1. Calling it Newman’s Own, Newman allowed his face to be put on the label. In 1982 the dressing went on sale in local gourmet shops and groceries.

Recalled Hotchner, “To our absolute disbelief, we banged quite a profit that first year”—$920,000, in fact. “Paul said, ‘We can’t be in the business of making money off of it! You’re a writer and I’m an actor and this isn’t what we do. Let’s give it all away to charity.’ ”

“Nothing like it,” Hotchner continued, remembering the joy of those giddy, exuberant early days, when Newman tirelessly promoted his food products. In 1988 they established the first Hole in the Wall Gang Camp, serving 288 children. By 2012, the camps would reach 384,700 children worldwide.

In 1978, Newman’s life imploded when his only son, Scott, died of an accidental drug-and-alcohol overdose at the age of 28, in a room in a Los Angeles Ramada Inn. Scott had endured a troubled adolescence, getting kicked out of several prep schools for using drugs and alcohol and for disruptive behavior. As a young adult he decided to follow in his father’s footsteps and become an actor, but he met with little success.

Newman was wracked with anguish over his son’s death. “I think about him . . . often . . . it hurts,” he told Hotchner on a fishing trip in the Bahamas. “The guilt. The guilt. All I could have done . . . And didn’t do. . . . And all I did was make more movies and be a big star.” His biggest regret was that he and his son had never really discussed his son’s problems.

In 1980, when the remorse and grief were still fresh, Newman opened the Scott Newman Center, in Torrance, California. It provided drug-prevention education in schools and other places in the community. With his son gone, Newman turned his attention to his five daughters. To inspire them to follow in his philanthropic footsteps, he began giving each of them $25,000 annually—to donate to charities of their choosing.

In 1993, Nell, then the director of the Ventana Wilderness Sanctuary, in central California, where she was working to re-establish the bald-eagle population, was seized by the idea to create an all-organic division of Newman’s Own. Her father, unfamiliar with the concept of organic food, wasn’t convinced. So, that Thanksgiving, Nell packed a suitcase full of organic California produce, flew to Westport, and cooked Thanksgiving dinner for the family. After “Pop” cleaned his plate, she whispered in his ear, “How did you like your all-organic Thanksgiving dinner?” Newman’s Own Organics was born, with Nell’s company donating a royalty in exchange for using her father’s name and image on the packaging. By 2014 she had given away more than $50 million.

“It is no secret that I will soon be completing my 75th year on this planet,” Paul Newman wrote in a letter he addressed to “The Newman Clan. All” on May 4, 1999, “that it will be twenty years since Scott died, that we are approaching the millennium. The convergence of the above begs for some gathering of family . . . for all of you to ask questions of your aging father while the opportunity still exists. Questions about my intention as regards to family, questions about expectations, about history, family responsibilities, trusts, business continuity, charity—in short everything.”

Newman’s longtime attorney, Leo Nevas, then 87, drafted a six-page letter outlining Newman’s estate plans, which included, “Give Paul’s children the major voice in the distribution of a large part of the funds for charity.” Newman asked his assistant to distribute the attorney’s letter to his wife and daughters and wrote across the top, “This seems to be where we are headed. Pop.”

In 2005, the Newman’s Own Foundation was established, and two years after that Newman began to “withdraw,” as A. E. Hotchner wrote in his memoir. He burned his tuxedo in Hotchner’s driveway and vowed never to attend another black-tie event. He made his last movie (as the voice of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 121

Hannah Ware, photographed in New York City.

WARE WEARS CLOTHING BY MICHAEL KORS; SHOES BY OSCAR DE LA RENTA; JEWELRY BY JENNIFER MEYER.

Spotlight

HANNAH *on* DECK

When she was growing up in South London, Hannah Ware had no thought of being an actor. "I am a failed architect if I'm honest," she says. "I got a degree in art history and was about to get another degree, in architecture, but realized I would be terrible at building things because I've got really bad spatial awareness." Ware took acting classes on a dare, and then, in 2011, on her first audition, she booked the role of Kelsey Grammer's drug-addicted daughter in the Starz series *Boss* and hasn't looked back.

This month, the 32-year-old actress has her first lead, as the enigmatic outcast Katia van Dees in the 20th Century Fox action thriller *Hitman: Agent 47* (based on the video-game series), opposite Rupert Friend and Zachary Quinto. Ware admits that the role presented some challenges. "I trip a lot," she says. "It proved to be really annoying for Rupert throughout filming because we had to do a lot of fight choreography and I am one of the least coordinated people."

Ware—whose sister is the British pop singer Jessie Ware—has made the move to Hollywood, sure-footedly continuing along the path opened by that friendly dare. "I love the sense of how time passes when I'm acting," she says. "When you're not aware of the clock ticking, that is always a good sign you're enjoying something. I just knew I had to keep on doing it." —KRISTA SMITH

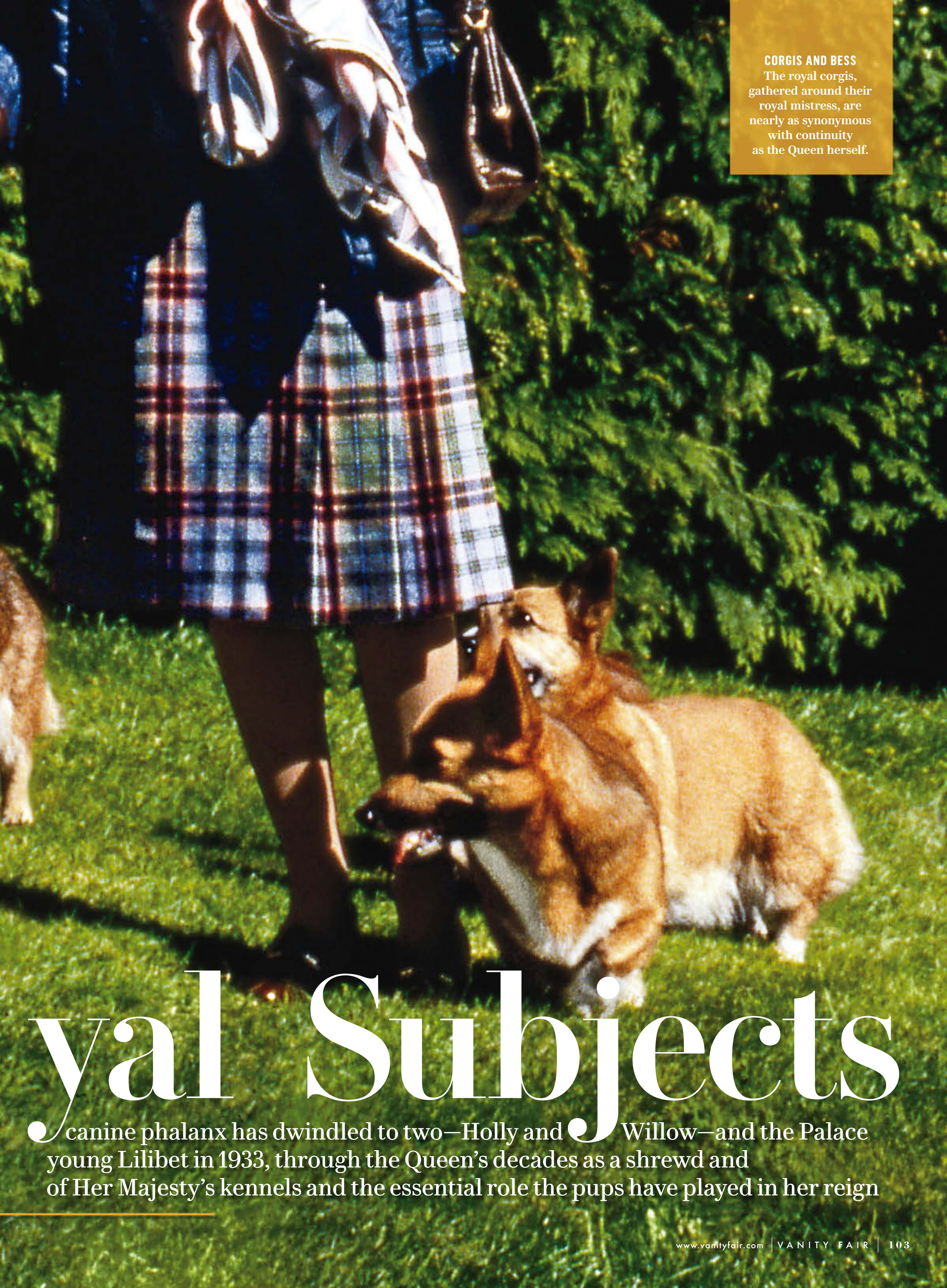
STYLED BY RYAN YOUNG; HAIR PRODUCTS BY JOHN MASTERS ORGANICS; MAKEUP PRODUCTS BY KEVYN AUCOIN; NAIL ENAMEL BY CHANEL; HAIR BY GAVIN HARWIN; MAKEUP BY LINDA HAY; MANICURE BY SUNSHINE; FOR DETAILS, GO TO VF.COM/CREDITS

PHOTOGRAPH BY KENNETH WILLARDT

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEOFFREY SHAKERLEY/CAMERA PRESS/REDUX

Her Most Lo

It’s hard to imagine Britain’s monarch without her corgis, but Queen Elizabeth’s is facing the end of an era. From the very first puppy, which so delighted a sophisticated corgi breeder, MICHAEL JOSEPH GROSS reveals the private history



CORGIS AND BESS The royal corgis, gathered around their royal mistress, are nearly as synonymous with continuity as the Queen herself.

yal Subjects

canine phalanx has dwindled to two—Holly and Willow—and the Palace
young Lilibet in 1933, through the Queen's decades as a shrewd and
of Her Majesty's kennels and the essential role the pups have played in her reign

I. “A Private Matter”

At the Wessex Vale Crematorium, on Bubb Lane, in the Southampton suburb of West End, mourners gathered on Friday, September 5, 2014, for a memorial service in honor of Leila Kathleen Moore. She had died the previous month, at the age of 87. The cover of the program for the service bore Moore’s picture, a faded color snapshot that shows her in middle age. There is a beaming smile on her face, but she is not looking at the camera. She is looking down upon the pair of tawny-eared, white-pawed Pembroke Welsh corgi puppies cradled in her arms.

The London newspapers made no mention of her death, but the weekly *Dog World,* out of Ashford, in Kent, published a substantial obituary—a sensitive and detailed account of Leila Moore’s six-decade-long career as a breeder of corgis. Though she lacked certain advantages (“Widowed sadly young, Leila was always limited in the number of shows she could attend . . . ”), Moore acquired good stock in the 1950s from celebrated breeders such as Bunny Thornycroft. With these dogs, Moore built “an easily recognizable line of a type which she would stick to,” involving “a clean cut outline, level topline, true and strong hindquarters,” and the rich red color of the coat on her first great champion, Mist, who became her kennel’s foundation bitch.

In the history of Moore’s Kaytop kennel, the stature of one dog towered far above the rest. Champion Kaytop Marshall, born in 1967, was “a charismatic showman of the richest possible red colour and amazing presence” who “sired four U.K. champions” and won awards at 12 of the 13 dog shows where he appeared. The obituary in *Dog World* went on to note that “among those who used him at stud was the Queen,” to produce a puppy registered as Windsor Loyal Subject.

Leila Moore’s association with Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II was left without elaboration. Yet the whelping of Windsor Loyal Subject (born in 1971) was not the only time these two women would cross paths. Moore’s legacy, even now, shapes Her Majesty’s day-to-day existence in a way that fortifies a defining quality of her reign.

For many years, the fates of Queen Elizabeth, Leila Moore, and several of Moore’s peers have been knit together in a complex tale. Its plot concerns the breeding and care of the corgis that have been the personal companions of the Queen, as well as her public hallmark, since she was a young girl.

English royals since at least Queen Victoria have been devoted to their dogs. Victoria’s early passion for German dachshunds gave way to a mania for Scottish collies later in life. She repeatedly gave her collies the name of Noble, and historians distinguish among them with Roman numerals: Noble I through Noble V.

In living memory, no world leader has been as widely identified with a particular animal as Elizabeth II with her corgis. Symbols of friendliness, they are shrewdly deployed for publicity purposes, lending warmth to her public image. In a skit for the opening ceremony of the 2012 London Olympics, corgis led James Bond into Buckingham Palace. At Christmastime last year, the first thing seen by visitors to the palace gift shop was a giant mound of stuffed-animal corgis.

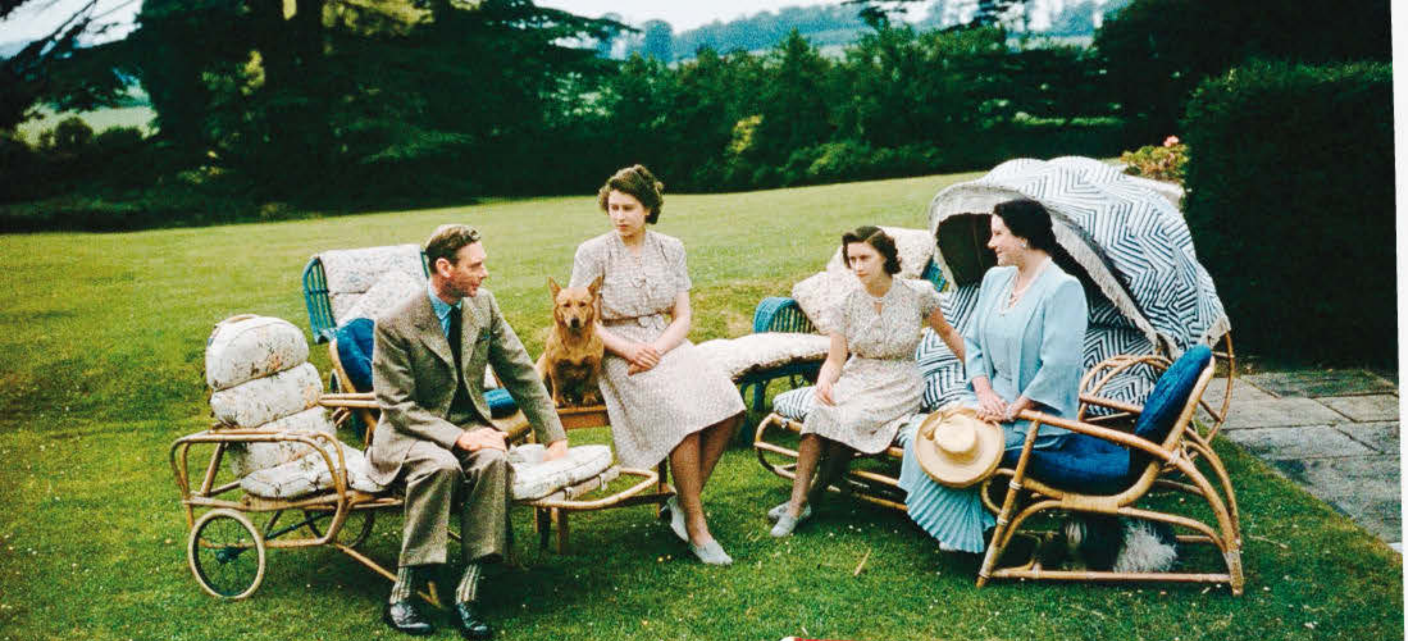
The corgis are more than symbols, though. In a life ruled by protocol, they provide an easy way for the Queen to break the ice with strangers. In what can be an isolating position, she gets from them unlimited amounts of love and physical affection, uncompromised by the knowledge that she is the monarch. Whenever possible, the Queen feeds the corgis herself and leads them on daily walks, which also serve as a kind of therapy. Her husband, Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh, has referred to this form of therapy as his wife’s “dog mechanism.”

“My corgis are family,” the Queen has said. Family, as she of all people knows, requires serious work, no matter how impeccable the pedigree. Since the 1950s, with considerable help from others, the Queen has personally overseen a program of corgi breeding that is based on the grounds of Windsor Castle. Purebred puppies from her kennel are registered under the affix of Windsor. The Queen has never allowed her own corgis—there have been scores of them over the years—to

PHOTOGRAPHS: LEFT, BY LISA SHERIDAN/STUDIO LISA/GETTY IMAGES; RIGHT, © *ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*/MARY EVANS/THE IMAGE WORKS

“MY CORGIS ARE FAMILY,” THE QUEEN HAS SAID. FAMILY REQUIRES WORK, NO MATTER HOW IMPECCABLE THE PEDIGREE.

YOUNG PUPS Princess Elizabeth (right) and her sister, Margaret, at Windsor, 1940, with Jane at their feet. *Opposite,* Elizabeth and her father, the future King George VI, in London with Dookie and Jane, 1936.



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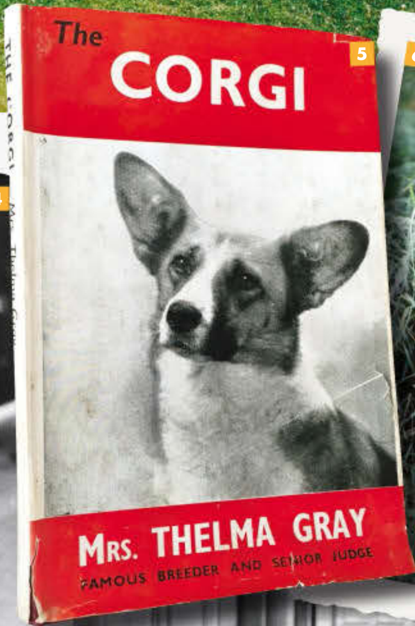

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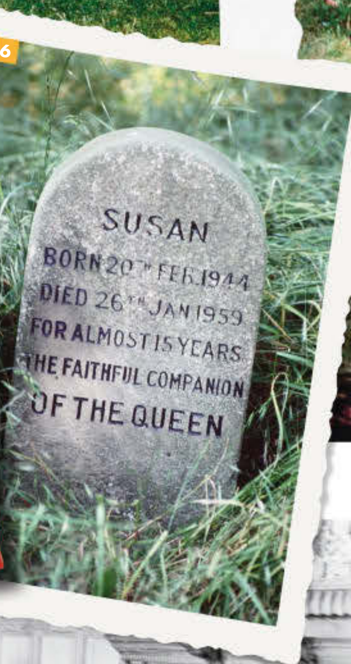

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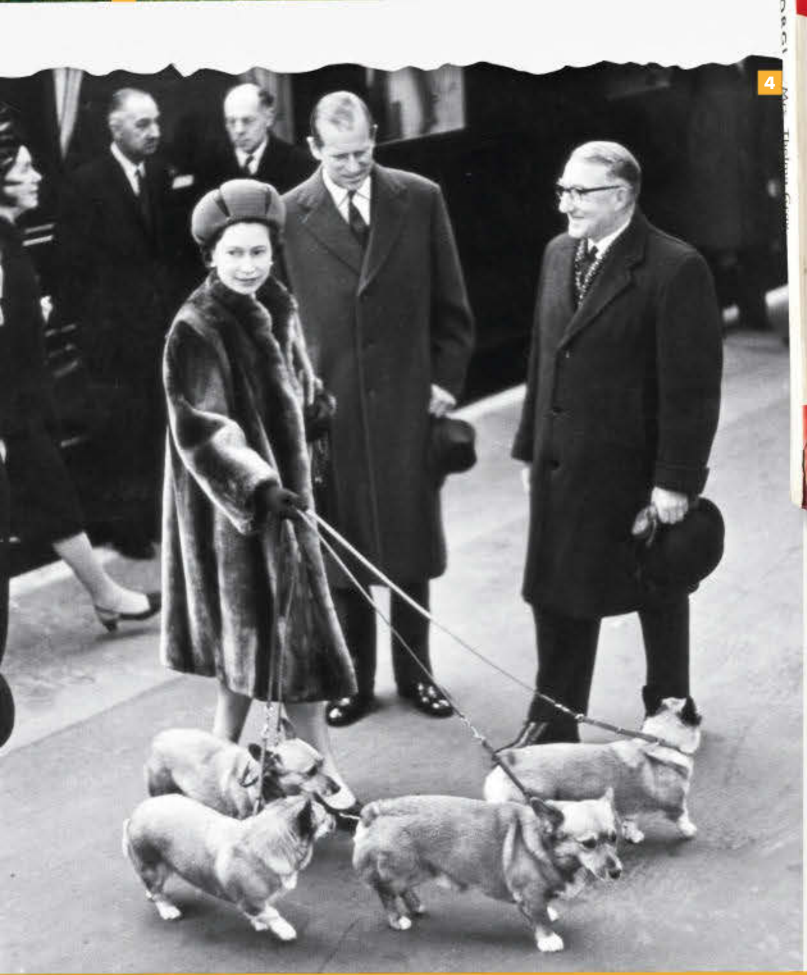

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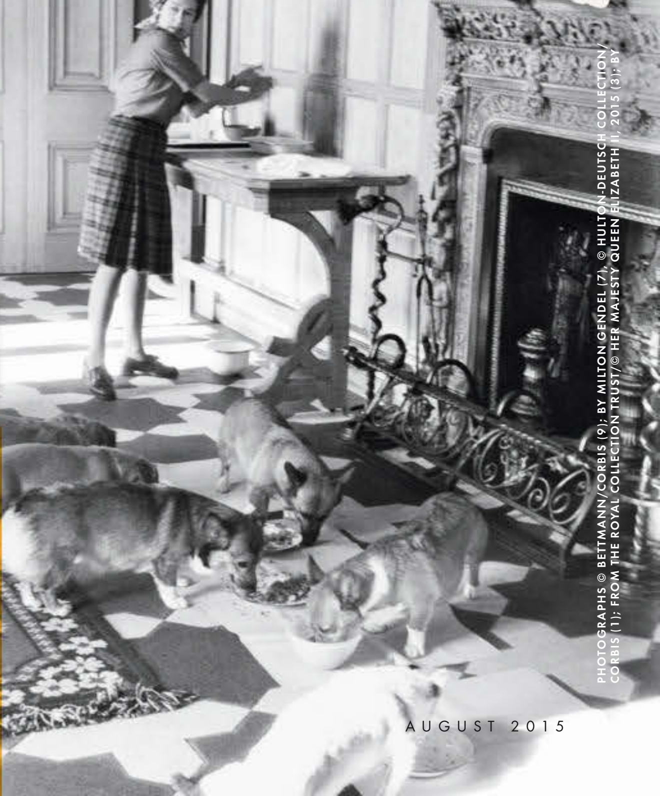

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LIFE AND LITTERS

(1) King George and his wife, Queen Elizabeth (far right), with Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret at the Royal Lodge, Windsor, 1946. **(2)** The Queen and Prince Philip at Balmoral, in Scotland, 1994. **(3)** At Heathrow, Elizabeth greets her pack. **(4)** The Queen and Prince Philip arrive with companions at Liverpool Street station, London, 1968. **(5)** An influential 1952 book by one of the great corgi breeders, long associated with the Windsor kennel. **(6)** The epitaph composed by the Queen for the "foundation bitch" of the royal line of corgis. **(7)** Elizabeth and the dogs during a summer holiday at Balmoral, 1976. **(8)** Two of the Queen Mother's corgis at the celebration marking her 100th birthday, in 2000. **(9)** Elizabeth in her garden, 1953.

PHOTOGRAPHS © BETTMANN/CORBIS (9); BY MILTON GENDEL (7); © HULTON-DEUTSCH COLLECTION/CORBIS (1); FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION TRUST/© HER MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH II, 2015 (3); BY

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MARK STEWART/CAMERA PRESS/REDUX (6); JOHN STILLWELL/PA PHOTOS/LANDOV (8); © TRINITY MIRROR/MIRRORPIX/ALAMY (2); BY GEOFFREY WHITE/ASSOCIATED NEWSPAPERS/REX (4)

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THE DOGS GIVE HER UNLIMITED LOVE AND AFFECTION, UNCOMPROMISED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT SHE IS THE MONARCH.

compete at dog shows, and she has never sold one, though she has given many away as gifts.

All this is now coming to an end. Buckingham Palace will not comment officially on reports that breeding has ceased. "The corgis are a private matter," goes the rote demurral from the Queen's press secretary (who, apparently, exists in a different dimension from the Palace gift shop). One by one, the corgis have died off. The Queen, at age 89, is now left with only two.

The surviving royal corgis are named Holly and Willow. They were born a dozen years ago this month, and on this birthday they will cross the threshold into canine twilight. "The average lifespan of corgis seems to be between twelve and thirteen years," according to *The New Complete Pembroke Welsh Corgi,* by Deborah S. Harper, widely considered the standard manual for the breed. "Corgis of fourteen and fifteen years are not at all uncommon," Harper adds with determined hope, "and occasionally we hear of corgis still getting on at age eighteen."

Many who helped to facilitate the royal corgi line have died by now, and among the few still living—mainly women, including some close in age to the Queen—most have scaled back their kennel operations or retired.

According to a set of unwritten but strictly observed conventions, the breeders who took part in the Queen's program never discussed their experience in public, and rarely even with one another. ("Only my veterinarian knew," one of them says.) As the saga of the royal corgis comes to a close, however, a few of these people have chosen to describe, for the first time, the roles they played in keeping this dynastic line alive. In their recollections it is possible to discern a previously unknown aspect of the world's most famous woman: the profile of a corgi breeder who happens to be the Queen.

II. Foundation Bitch

When Thelma Evans was nine years old, her dog was run over by a car. The owner of the car, the Duke of York, who by a twist of fate would become King George VI, was so distressed about the accident that he wrote to Thelma's parents, offering to give the family a new dog.

Yet, "because the grief of the small Thelma over her pet's death had been so great, her parents thanked the Duke and said they thought it would be wiser not to have another dog." This is according to the most detailed account of the accident and its consequences (published more than 35 years after the events that it describes), which goes on as follows:

> They told Thelma of their letter—and once she had recovered from her first grief, she decided to act herself.
>
> Without telling her parents about it, she wrote to the Duke in her sprawling nine-year-old hand, telling him that she would be very happy to accept his offer of a new dog.
>
> She received a diplomatically written reply which said that the Duke would have been very happy indeed to give her a dog—but he felt that both of them must accede to the wishes of her parents!

That little girl grew up to become one of Britain's great dog breeders. Her character forged in grief and stiffened by good manners, her striking face made more so by pale Pan-Cake makeup and bright-red hair, the adult Thelma Evans had a flair for marketing. During the Blitz, she bred Alsatians with pure-white coats—easier to keep track of in the darkest blackout nights. At her Rozavel kennel, in Pirbright, Surrey, she raised many breeds, but the corgi was her great love.

On farms in deepest Wales, corgis had been working dogs for hundreds of years. They herded sheep and cattle by nipping at their heels. In the late 1920s, Evans took automobile rides in the countryside and first spotted the dogs. She bought prize specimens from farmers and persuaded the Kennel Club to recognize two kinds of corgis as different breeds—Pembrokes (the kind of corgi that the Queen has bred) and Cardigans (which tend to be larger, longer, and darker). She co-founded the Welsh Corgi League for the purpose of their promotion, and made a star of the Rozavel stud Red Dragon, who, according to one of this breeder's own *Dog World* obituaries (for her, they published two), was "cocky, glamorous, and, as it turned out, long-lived and free from serious hereditary faults."

Evans sold one of Red Dragon's offspring to the Viscount Weymouth, whose children invited their friends the little Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret over to play. The girls, too, fell in love with the dogs.

That is how, in 1933, Thelma Evans and the Duke of York finally met each other face-to-face. She was summoned to bring some corgi puppies to show the family—they chose a dog with a deep chestnut red coat, and they called him "Dookie"—but she did not tell the duke of their earlier encounter. She—Thelma Gray after her marriage—never told him, not even when he was King and she had become a trusted friend of the whole family, bringing them more dogs and advising them on breeding. Her story remained untold until after the King died, when it appeared in the 1955 book *Royal Dogs,* by Macdonald Daly.

Gray's discretion notwithstanding, the first royal corgis were a very public matter. *Our Princesses and Their Dogs,* published in December 1936, was a book for children, lavishly illustrated with images credited to "Studio Lisa," the professional name of a married couple, Jimmy and Lisa Sheridan. The book's garland of text describes a "very human family" of duke, duchess, 10-year-old Elizabeth, and 6-year-old Margaret Rose, who love to romp in the backyard with their dogs. By now, the Yorks had received from Gray another corgi, called Jane.

Daphne Slark worked for Thelma Gray as Rozavel's kennel manageress for more than 20 years. Today she is retired, living near Haverfordwest, Wales, and she fondly remembers how the pictures published in *Our Princesses and Their Dogs* depicted the little girls' affection for Dookie and Jane: "They were all obviously such very good friends."

Less obviously, they were all also playing parts in a fine piece of propaganda. In the summer of 1936, as the Sheridans were taking the pictures for the book, King Edward VIII was cruising the Mediterranean with the American divorcée Mrs. Wallis Simpson. Just a few days before Edward's abdication, on December 11, *Our Princesses* was delivered to bookstores. English children everywhere found beneath their Christmas trees a charming dossier of dog pictures that, not incidentally, taught them (and reassured their parents) that the new king, George VI, was a decent family man.

In May of 1940, the Nazis invaded France, the Battle of Britain loomed, and Elizabeth and Margaret were evacuated in secret to Windsor Castle. The King and Queen, staying at Buckingham Palace to brave the Blitz with Londoners, visited their daughters as often as they could. The dogs helped keep them company, too. Dookie had died at the start of the war, but Jane was now the mother of a puppy named Crackers. Through the war's long days and nights, Jane and Crackers could be relied upon to snuggle and lick faces. Jane in particular was Elizabeth and Margaret's childhood strength, until, in 1944, she was accidentally killed—run over by a car whose driver was an employee of Windsor Great Park. That same day, Princess Elizabeth wrote a letter to the driver, to tell him that she was certain it was not his fault.

Jane was replaced by a new puppy, an 18th-birthday gift for Elizabeth. The two-month-old was registered as Hickathrift Pippa and at first was called by the name of Sue, which evolved into Susan. Elizabeth and Susan became inseparable. In 1947, hidden under blankets in the royal carriage, Susan rode with Elizabeth as she left with Philip Mountbatten for their honeymoon in Scotland.

Susan was such a public figure that the next year, when the princess gave birth to her first baby—Charles—the children's section of the *Mirror* asked young readers to advise Elizabeth on how to keep Susan from growing jealous of the infant. Among the answers: "Alan Moore, Robertsbridge, seems to speak from experience when he says, 'First. Show baby to Susan, stroking Susan all the time. Second. When nursing baby let Susan have a nice saucer of milk or tea beside you.' "

A year later, Susan followed her mistress into motherhood. After going into heat during a visit to Balmoral, she was put on a Royal Mail plane and flown south, where a waiting Thelma Gray took her to be mated with a Rozavel dog named Lucky Strike. In May, Susan produced a pair of puppies—Sugar (who nominally belonged to the infant Prince Charles) and Honey (who in later years lived with the Queen Mum). A new dynasty was taking hold.

In the minds of corgi breeders, Susan remains a significant figure. This is not because she was the Queen's dog. It is because her genes have been so long-lived—Susan is the common ancestor of all the Queen's corgis. "The Queen is the only breeder who still has bred from her foundation bitch," explains Diana King, the chairman of the Welsh Corgi League. To maintain a pedigree for so long—the current dogs, Holly and Willow, appear to be the 14th generation of Susan's descendants—is remarkable, even considering the royals' ample advantages.

Many old-school corgi people also admire the Queen's aesthetic taste in dogs. "She preferred the darker red, as they used to be. She preferred them with not too much white on them," King says. Wincing a bit, she recalls one day when the Queen saw King's dog Oliver and remarked, with what King took to be faint disapproval, "Oh, he's got a lot of white on him, hasn't he?"

By 1951, royal favor had helped make the corgi one of Britain's most popular dogs. The breed's numbers rose after Elizabeth's accession to the throne, in 1952. If the coronation was a boon to Susan's breed, though, it may also have been a personal blow. Susan now had to compete for Elizabeth's attention with larger forces than small babies. (There was a new one, too; they called it "Anne.") Susan coped the best she could, for almost exactly one year after the coronation. Then she lashed out.

On June 25, 1954, Susan bit the royal clock winder, Leonard Hubbard. Five days later, she attacked Alfred Edge, a Grenadier Guard and palace sentry. A brief halt in the violence, and then: a corgi belonging to the Queen Mother spied a policeman, "leapt up at his legs, tore his trousers," and ripped a gash in

IMPROVING THE BREED
Two of the women who have assisted the Queen: Maureen Johnston, in Devon, and Daphne Slark, in Pembrokeshire.

PORTRAITS BY DERRY MOORE

his knee, according to one newspaper, which added portentously, “This is the first time that a royal corgi has bitten a policeman.”

Soon afterward, the Queen sent Sugar to be mated with another Rozavel stud, this one with the racy name of Rebellion. Daphne Slark remembers the day when she and Thelma Gray took the resulting litter to Windsor, and the Queen—who with Charles and Anne had planned to pick just one—could not make up her mind. “Don’t tell your father,” the Queen instructed her children. “Don’t tell your father we’ve got two puppies. Two new puppies!”

When Susan died, at Sandringham in 1959, the Queen wrote a letter to her estate manager. She gave instructions for the dog’s burial in the pet cemetery there, which was created by Victoria, and she drew a sketch of the gravestone she wished to have erected. It was to be inscribed, “Susan / died 26th Jan 1959 / for 15 years the faithful companion of the Queen.”

The Queen followed this with another letter, after she had located Susan’s birth date: “So could you have that inserted between her name and her death on the stone, please?”

The stone was clearly on her mind, and she wrote again, two weeks later: “My only comment is that for accuracy’s sake we ought to put for almost 15 years. The rest is quite alright.” She underlined the word “almost,” and she signed the note, “ER.”

III. Such Fun

In 1960, in the cinemas of Britain, citizens looked up at wide screens and saw something new—the first British Pathé newsreel ever to be shot in color. It showed the royal family on a summer holiday in Scotland. (“As we watch the pictures,” the narrator explains in a stentorian newsreel tone, “we almost seem to be at Balmoral ourselves.”) On a tartan picnic blanket, propped up on his mother’s lap, the seven-month-old Prince Andrew mugged for the camera. “The only members of the party not perhaps completely happy are the corgi dogs,” the narrator observed, “feeling apparently just a little bit out of the picture.”

More than just a little bit, probably. For almost 10 more years—while Her Majesty raised four children, while her empire shrank and colonies rose up—the corgis kept a relatively low profile. Then, in 1969, as if rewarding herself for abstinence, the Queen made her only visit ever to Britain’s most prestigious dog show, Crufts. While touring the event, she disclosed to a Crufts official that one of her favorite house dogs no longer lived an exclusively domestic life but had reconnected with the breed’s ancestral roots. “I’ve had one of my corgis trained for working cattle,” she revealed. Reportedly she then asked the man, “Why do dogs yawn?,” cordially listened to his muddled answer (the yawn “communicated tension from the handler to animal”), and, uncharacteristically, offered an opinion of her own. She said that she believed one of her own corgis yawned “when it didn’t want to do what it was told.”

Maybe this was an odd stray comment. Or maybe, to the Queen of England, the whole of the 1960s had been a protracted experience of observing a great deal of not-doing-what-one-was-told. Subtle insurrection was seeping in all around. Despite promising to be her “liege man of life and limb” during his 1969 investiture as Prince of Wales, the 20-year-old Prince Charles took all of three weeks to tell reporters he was not too fond of corgis. (He said, “I like Labradors.”)

At that juncture—probably authorized by, maybe even at the behest of, the Queen—Thelma Gray made a rare comment to the newspapers, saying, “It’s up to the Prince. I suppose he just wants to be different from the rest of his family.”

During this time of social transition, even the corgi breed itself was starting to change. The dogs’ bodies were being bred to look rounder and hang lower to the ground, and their faces bore a growing resemblance to Disney characters and nursery toys. As the corgi morphed from working dog to ornamental pet, some breeders, such as Leila Moore, sought to keep the old values. When her stud dog Kaytop Marshall caught the eye of Thelma Gray, a match with the Queen’s Windsor Brush was arranged, and the Queen registered one beautiful puppy from the resulting litter with the conspicuous name of Windsor Loyal Subject.

Then the Queen gave Loyal Subject as a gift to Gray, and Gray gave the dog the more casual “call name” of Edward—which also happened to be the name the Queen had given her last-born son. The Queen also granted Gray permission to show the dog, something that had never been allowed for any corgi from the Windsor kennel. For the Queen, who studiously avoided giving even the faintest impression of preference or opinion, the competitive self-assertion (even by proxy) of allowing a corgi with her affix to be judged seemed out of character—an almost radical risk.

The risk was rewarded. On two occasions, he won the highly coveted award called the Challenge Certificate, which meant that of all the dogs in show, he best embodied the established breed type, as described by the breed standards published by the Kennel Club and interpreted by the judges’ expert imaginations.

By this time, Windsor’s head gamekeeper, George Hallett, had retired. Hallett and his wife had reared and house-trained royal corgis at least since Susan whelped Sugar and Honey, back in 1949. When Hallett was replaced, Slark recalls, “the Queen said, ‘I do hope the new gamekeeper’s wife likes dogs.’” When she met the new man and his wife, Bill and Nancy Fenwick, the Queen “was absolutely besotted with her”—and the corgis found a new home.

At Windsor Castle, the corgis either mingled with the royal family or stayed with the Fenwicks. The Fenwicks were given a two-story house so that Nancy could train the corgis to walk up and down stairs—“for practice getting on airplanes,” says Slark, who visited from time to time. Rabbits shot on the estates were dropped off at their door, skinned and ready for a pot kept perpetually bubbling on the stove so the corgis would always be well fed. Visitors to the house were struck by how so many dogs could live in peace in such a small place. “She had that knack of being—well, she was doggy, I would say,” recalls Ally Boughton, a longtime friend of Nancy’s and a well-known breeder. “And that sort of summed her up.”

Fenwick also served as quiet liaison be-

THE QUEEN “DIDN’T WANT TO HAVE ANY MORE YOUNG DOGS,” ROBERTS EXPLAINED. “SHE DIDN’T WANT TO LEAVE ANY YOUNG DOG BEHIND.”

tween the royal household and the corgi community. Every year, she ordered two of the Welsh Corgi League's pictorial wall calendars: one for her, one for Her Majesty. In the calendar, each month is illustrated by a snapshot of a corgi—selected from submissions in a contest judged by members of the league. One year, the contest organizer was taken aback to receive a snapshot from Nancy. It was a gag picture, in which the head of a corgi stuck out one end of a long tube, with the tail of a second corgi sticking out the other end, several feet away: two dogs, in other words, arranged to create the illusion of being one. The photographer's credit on that photograph, Fenwick suggestively insisted, must be given as "Anonymous." Needless to say, the royal snapshot was labeled accordingly.

Fenwick was said to be the only member of the Windsor household who had 24-hour access to the Queen—another way of saying she was always on call—but the arrangement was mutually agreeable. This was lucky for the Queen, because she relied on Nancy Fenwick more and more in coming years.

“Nancy rang me up one day and said, 'The Queen wants you to come up to Windsor to mate one of her bitches.' I was slightly amused when I got to the gates," says the breeder Maureen Johnston, "because normally the bitch comes to the dog. But when it was the Queen, you couldn't ask for that. So I motored up with Such Fun, and when I got there I said, 'Well, where do you go? Have you got an outhouse for the mating?' Nancy said, 'Oh no, we do it in the kitchen here. We don't go into a shed.'"

Maureen Johnston had gotten her first corgi during World War II while her husband was off fighting for England with the Royal Navy. She started breeding 10 years later, and though she describes her motives as being strictly financial ("I found there was a good market for them"), the names of her champions (Such Fun, More Fun, What Fun, Twice the Fun) hint at other satisfactions. These become clearer as she talks more about Such Fun.

"He was a wonderful producer," says Johnston, now 95 and living in Devon, limited by physical ailments in ways that make it impossible for her to keep corgis anymore. Such Fun "produced a lot of good stock, and the right type, if you know what I mean. You got an even type of corgi through him. A *correct* type."

Such Fun mated with relish. "He'd take the bitches screaming and yelling in protest—it didn't put him off. He still got them," she says, making one small fist around her hand brace and sweeping a tiny arc.

When Johnston brought Such Fun to Windsor, the Queen was a 58-year-old grandmother of three and the royal residences a colony of empty nests. The Queen's collection of corgis had for some years been so large that it could only be called a pack. In August 1981, when the Queen's flight landed at Aberdeen for the annual Balmoral holiday, it was reported that 13 corgis were with her.

During the summer of 1984 alone, Windsor welcomed two litters of puppies. Kelpie, Legend, Puck, and Phantom were born to Windsor Myth (sired by Berose Damian) in June. Another bitch was put to whelp just as that litter arrived. This was when Maureen Johnston's Such Fun mated with Windsor Spark (sister of James, whom the Queen had given to Daphne Slark), and Spark begat five more: Ranger, Beau, Lark, Gambol, and Dash. On top of all that, the next month, Prince Harry was born.

Eight years prior, Thelma Gray (by now widowed) had shut down Rozavel kennel and moved to Australia, where she made her home in Adelaide. She and the Queen continued to correspond and talk on the telephone. Gray probably heard about this last litter before she died that November. The plucky nine-year-old who had written to the Duke of York to ask for a new dog remained a lively, active correspondent all her life, and Daphne Slark says Gray "kept all the letters and things that the Queen wrote, right from the word 'go.'" When Gray died, her son, who was her only survivor, sent them back to Nancy Fenwick, who gave them to the Queen, "which I thought was rather a shame. I thought it could have gone to corgi history people," Slark says. "But because they've gone to Windsor Castle, nobody will ever see them."

She may be right. Although the Palace has made public numerous love letters between the Queen and Prince Philip, the Royal Archives has not acknowledged requests for access to any correspondence that may be in its collections pertaining to Thelma Gray and the corgis.

IV. Dog Whispering

The corgi breeder Ally Boughton remembers how, at dog shows, Kaytop Dice of Rossacre would stand on tables and glow. "He gleamed his absolutely deep fox red—beautiful color," says Boughton. "The judges used to say, 'What a gorgeous color,' and then forget him. I used to say to myself, Why can't they see *him?* There's a dog underneath this beautiful color."

Attention had been paid, though, and when Nancy Fenwick called in 1990 to say that "Her Majesty would like, if possible, to use Kaytop Dice of Rossacre" to mate with a bitch called Dash—born six years prior, in the litter that Windsor Spark had produced with Maureen Johnston's Such Fun—Boughton said yes.

Boughton had been mentored as a breeder first by Thelma Gray and then by Leila Moore. She acquired some of Moore's Kaytop dogs for her own Rossacre kennel, and Kaytop Dice of Rossacre, called Mudge at home, represented the color, type, and affable temperament that the Queen valued in a dog.

Sitting at the kitchen table of her house, on a green patchwork farm landscape in Hampshire, the 80-year-old Boughton recalls that, when Fenwick approached her about Mudge, she warned that the Queen's bitch had had fertility issues. Another dog had failed, twice, to put Dash into whelp, and the Queen's veterinarian suggested using a different bitch entirely. But Boughton said, "Just put her on antibiotics for five days at the beginning of the season," and the result would be some puppies.

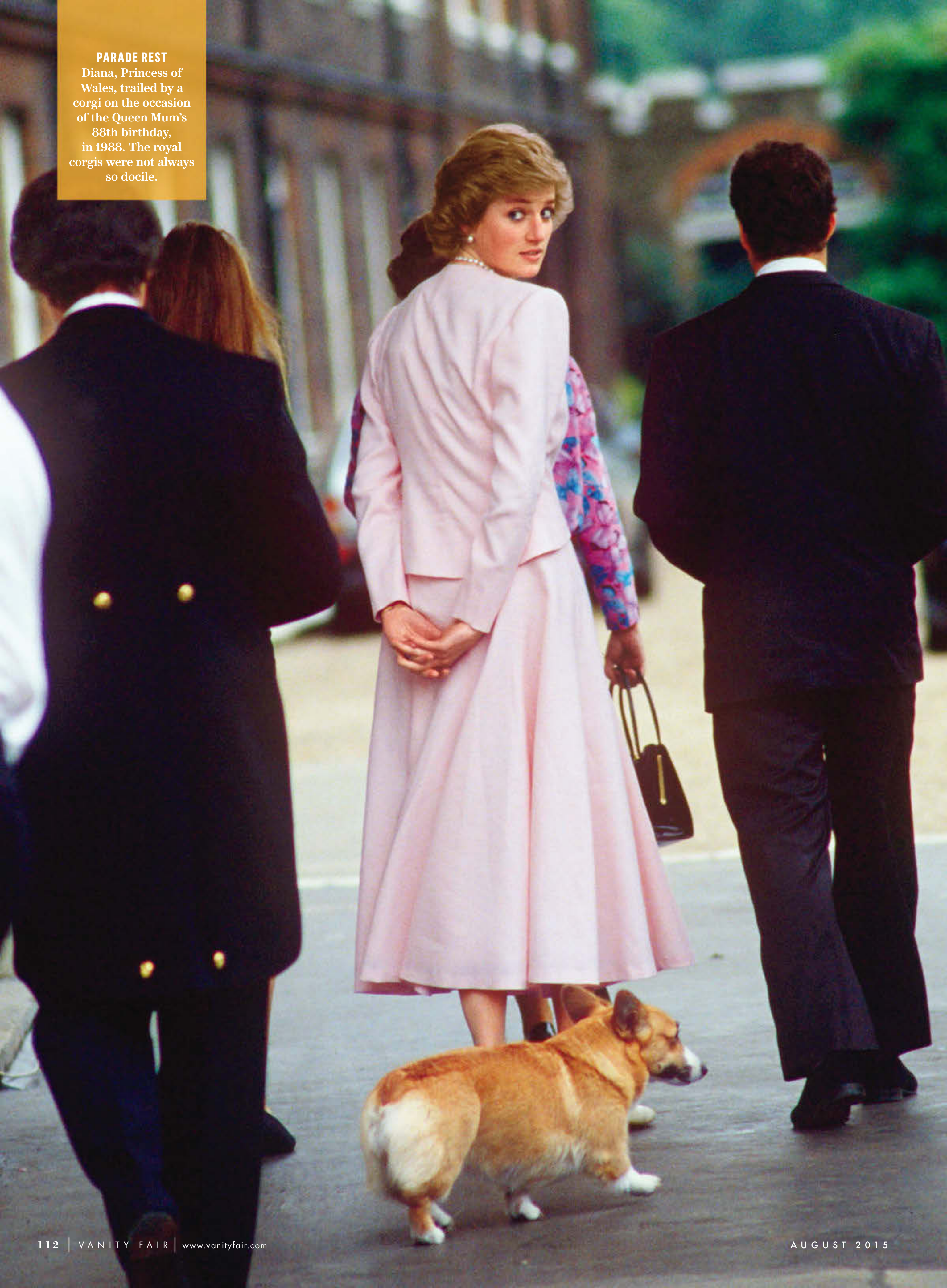
"So, Nancy approached the Queen, and the Queen said, 'Well, if Mrs. Boughton said to do it, do it.' So it was done, and in the fullness of time, we had six puppies."

Delivery was smooth, because Dash was in top physical condition. "If you muscle up a bitch and keep her fit, they can push and they can get their puppies without any trouble at all. It's only these namby-pamby things that never get any exercise that you have to rush to the vet with them and have caesars. The royal dogs were very, very fit," because, she said, referring to the estates at Windsor, Sandringham, and Balmoral, "they had a big garden."

From the first generations, when the Queen named corgis with singsongy pairs of names (Carol and Crackers, Honey and Sugar, Whisky and Sherry), she had graduated through a more poetic phase (putting her Smoky with a stud called Red Ember, she made Jet and Spark, among others), and then to sensible, short, Anglo-Saxon names, which, if in the late 1980s were a touch froufrou (Phoenix, Pundit, Mint, Fay), did qualify as what dog people would call "hound names."

With Dash's litter—born when Prince William was seven and Harry was five—the naming took a new turn. Dagger, Rush, Disco: these sounded like words that little boys might pick out. But if the Queen did let her young grandsons name this litter, Ally Boughton never heard about it, and if the naming was part of an effort to teach the next generation to share her love for corgis, it seems not to have worked. Peter Phillips, the son of Princess Anne, appears to be the only royal grandchild who ever had a corgi of his own.

When Mudge's puppies were six weeks old, Ally Boughton went back to Windsor to see them. There came a knock at Fenwick's



PARADE REST
Diana, Princess of Wales, trailed by a corgi on the occasion of the Queen Mum's 88th birthday, in 1988. The royal corgis were not always so docile.

TO MAINTAIN A PEDIGREE
FOR SO LONG IS REMARKABLE, EVEN
CONSIDERING THE ROYALS'
AMPLE ADVANTAGES.

door, and, as Boughton recalls, "Her Majesty arrived looking absolutely lovely and apologized to me because she was late, because she had been on a picnic. So I said, 'It's quite all right.' What can you say? 'I'm in a hurry, I need to run'?

"We sat on the floor and talked about corgis. There's a litter of puppies crawling around on our hands and knees and we're sitting on the floor being tramped on and chewed and bitten. Puppies don't care who it is, me or the Queen of England. They don't care. They can chew bits of anybody."

When Boughton left that day, she took home a fairly common-looking, tricolor puppy from the litter, less desirable than the red that she had asked for. No explanation was given, and Boughton didn't ask for one. "I don't mind," she says, "I got a puppy"—which is better than some breeders, like Johnston, who received no compensation at all. "The royal family—they don't pay for things generally," Boughton says. "They don't have money. I don't suppose they know what money is. Strange, isn't it?"

In 1989, trouble stirred the pack. Ranger (who had been given to the Queen Mum) led a group of corgis that killed one of the Queen's other dogs. Two years later, a free-for-all broke out among the Queen's and Queen Mum's corgis. When she tried to intervene, the Queen was bitten on her left hand (three stitches), and when the Queen Mum's chauffeur tried to break it up, he too was bitten and had to get a shot for tetanus. The Queen's human family also seemed ready to split at the seams. After Princess Anne divorced her spouse, and Prince Charles and Prince Andrew each separated from theirs, a fire broke out in Windsor Castle, and the Queen made one of the most painfully emotional public appearances of her life, delivering her *annus horribilis* speech, in November 1992.

If ever there was a time for new puppies, it was now. Nancy Fenwick put out a call not just to one breeder but to several. Among those who were invited to present their studs at Nancy Fenwick's house in a casting-call format were a couple who live in Wales, Mary and Jeff Davies.

The Davieses also worked with horses, including a racehorse that the Queen had bred. So when the Queen, in mackintosh and headscarf, strode into Nancy's house to have a look at their dog Timmy (officially registered as Ermyn Quest for Fame), the couple made small talk with her about the horse. Jeff was impressed by the Queen's encyclopedic knowledge of pedigrees. For this horse of no distinction—"a failure," Jeff says—that she had owned years ago, the Queen could rattle off its line, "God knows, back eight or nine generations!"

The Davieses knew, however, that it was best not to be too chatty. Maybe it was at this gathering, maybe at another, that one breeder made the tactical mistake of crowing about a stud: "He's never thrown a fluff." (A fluff is a corgi puppy whose coat comes out wrong. Instead of being silky, the fur is downy, like a duckling's.) The Queen, that great leveler, was clear in her reply: "We *all* have fluffs."

Davies says the Queen's main concern was "temperament," which makes sense considering the rowdiness in her pack. The Queen chose the Davieses' dog to mate with Windsor Rush, and in due course came the puppies Minnie, Flora, Swift, and Windsor Quiz at Ermyn (given in lieu of stud fee to the Davieses). That some of these sound like—there is no way around it—old-lady names is perhaps borne out by the subsequent development that Rush and Minnie went to live with the Queen Mum.

They kept the Queen Mum company in oldest age until, on Easter Sunday 2002, she died, a little more than one month after Princess Margaret had passed away. When the Queen went to Clarence House to view her mother's body, she took the Queen Mum's corgis home with her, and they were cared for as her own.

It was not easy for them to adjust. One of the dogs was named Monty, after Monty Roberts, the California cowboy and horse whisperer who serves as the Queen's adviser on all things equine, and who sometimes informally advises her on canine obedience and training. Roberts says that Monty the corgi could be overbearing and cause arguments within the group of the Queen's dogs.

The Queen, Roberts recalls, "talked to me often about creating a better world for Monty, so that he didn't feel that he needed to exert himself quite so much. And we talked about little ways to give the dogs a chance to see something as a reward for being the good guy, rather than the bad guy. Because we often pay them for bad behavior by giving them attention, which is what they're seeking when they create bad behavior."

Roberts advised the Queen not to give Monty attention for being a bully. "Scold and leave him, and then watch him to see something he does that's positive, and really laud him for that. Build on the positives and leave the negatives. Try to eliminate them by not paying attention to them." The Queen followed this suggestion.

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"If Monty did something that she didn't like, she would scold quickly and then go away and just watch him and watch for him to do something positive. And then he would do something positive. And then she would just love him to death."

She had help in this, too. "Prince Philip just loved Monty," Roberts adds. "He would be a part of it and just love Monty to death."

V. End of the Line

In the years after the Queen Mum's death, people came to understand—not all at once, but gradually—that corgi breeding at Windsor had ceased. When it dawned on Roberts that Her Majesty had finished breeding corgis, he says, "I was concerned."

Even at age 80, Roberts is an imposing physical presence and bears himself with almost preternatural calm. But at a Heathrow Airport restaurant, en route to assist in the training of young Thoroughbreds at Polhampton, a slight tremor breaks across his lips when he describes an exchange he had with the Queen after Monty's death, in 2012.

"I said, 'I want you to tell me the best breeder of corgis that you revere. Who's doing the best job? Because I want a puppy to be named Monty, to be a replacement.' But she didn't want to have any more young

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dogs. She didn't want to leave any young dog behind. She wanted to put an end to it. I understood that we would discuss it further at a later date.

"Well, we never discussed it at a later date, and I have no right to try to force her into continuing to bring on young puppies if she doesn't want to. That isn't my right. But it still concerns me. Because I want her to believe in her existence until she's no longer here, because she's just too important to the world to contemplate checking out. For me, the Queen can't die."

To Roberts, the corgis exemplify the Queen's greatness as a leader in one specific way, distinct from the sense of continuity that many claim to be the essence of her significance. "The dogs are so critical, and the horses, the cows, and the other animals, the wild deer and the stags of Scotland—they all play into it, because in my opinion the Queen created an avenue by which people could include animals as a part of our social structure," Roberts says.

If this sounds anodyne, an affirmation of an apparently eternal value of the old islands, it should be noted that full respect for animals is a modern phenomenon, as malleable as any value. Diplomats who visited the court of Elizabeth I were entertained with spectacles of baiting, in which a bull or bear tied to a stake was set upon by dogs, for fights to the death. This practice was not outlawed until 1835, two years before Victoria took the throne. At that time, dogs were categorized in fewer than four dozen types, usually according to the kind of work they did and area of origin. By the time Victoria died, dogs were classified in hundreds of breeds, with an increasing emphasis on the details of their physical appearance.

Subsequent progress has purified this course of evolution. In the decades of Elizabeth's lifetime, as Britain's economy has shifted from a foundation in agriculture and manufacturing to dependence on services such as finance and tourism, the corgi has made a similar change. It has evolved from a scrappy working dog, all but unknown outside Wales, into an ornamental breed, more prized in faraway countries than in its homeland.

Precisely why she gave her heart to corgis is the Queen's own secret. But the observations of one close family member suggest that she is at least as enchanted by those aspects of the breed that can't be tamed as by its domesticity. Her first cousin Lady Margaret Rhodes says that the Queen loves to take long walks on the heath in Scotland with the corgis. "They're often rather unruly, the dogs. They chase rabbits like mad," Rhodes says. "There are a lot of rabbits around Balmoral, certainly, and the Queen gets excited with the dogs chasing the rabbits, egging them on. Telling them to keep going—'Keep on going!'" For this last phrase, the 90-year-old raises her voice to imitate a holler.

Britain's corgi population has plummeted in recent years, with birth rates down by half just since 2006. This past winter, in February, Pembrokes appeared for the first time on the Kennel Club's list of vulnerable breeds, "at risk of disappearing from our streets and parks." Explaining the quandary, one dog breeder lamented that the corgi "is seen as an old person's dog." That same month, Nancy Fenwick died. By royal protocol, the monarch does not attend staff funerals, but Prince Andrew arrived at Fenwick's memorial service accompanied by the Queen.

For what turned out to be (assuming the Queen has no unexpected change of heart) the Windsor kennel's final litter of corgis, Nancy Fenwick had contacted a breeder the Queen had worked with for decades. Right around the one-year anniversary of the Queen Mum's death, the Windsor bitch named Linnet was bred with one of Leila Moore's dogs, and about three months later she gave birth.

All eight of her puppies, born July 9, 2003, were registered with botanical names. Most were household words for common English plants: Holly, Willow, Bramble, Laurel, Jasmine, Cedar, Rose. Just one name in the batch was more obscure: Larch, after a tree that, though a conifer, is deciduous. The larch has needles that turn brilliant gold before they fall in autumn. It can live for 250 years.

"Do you *know* corgis?" asks Daphne Slark, her blue eyes narrowing. "They've got tremendous personalities, and they're very, very clever. Sometimes they could be a bit naughty—you know, quick!" When arthritis got to where she couldn't manage walking them anymore, she had to give her corgis up. "But I miss them terribly," she says. Miss what exactly?, I ask.

"Their brightness of things." □

French Anti-Semitism

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 83 that his jerry-rigged detective agency had to deal with a rigid French justice system. To register a hate crime in France—which comes with a higher level of punishment than an ordinary crime—he would have to appear in front of a magistrate, who was generally loath to call the beating of a rabbi in the Métro an act of anti-Semitism. For them, Ghozlan said, it was a "simple assault," usually committed by an unemployed French Muslim acting out of frustration. This enraged Ghozlan. "I wanted to start a Jewish defense force," Ghozlan told me. Judge after judge told him, "There is no anti-Semitism charge applicable unless someone dies." The party line of the Establishment Jewish organizations in Paris was always "Sammy, stop rocking the boat." Back then, even David de Rothschild, the banker, told *The Jerusalem Post* that the wave of attacks was likely coming from "neo-Nazis, a hostile, aggressive, antisemitic, right-wing population . . ." He soon changed his mind.

Foreigners Again

Twelve years later. It feels like an eye-of-the-storm moment in Paris, as the government of François Hollande tries to restore calm after last summer's riots and the January terror attacks, amid a faltering economy and plunging euro. When I landed, in March, the rise of Marine Le Pen, the leader of the right-wing National Front, was in the headlines, as Paris was still struggling to recover from the terrorist attacks of January. Mounds of flowers and posters could be seen on the streets. There were swirls of tourists at the Louvre, as always, but there were more soldiers with automatic weapons at every Jewish school and institution, even in the dining room of a Rothschild-foundation nursing home. In the lobby of the synagogue on Rue Copernic—the one damaged by the bomb in 1980—schoolchildren walked in proximity to machine guns. The optics were unnerving.

Prime Minister Manuel Valls—taking the risk that he might antagonize his Socialist Party base, which leans pro-Palestinian—was issuing a series of muscular statements seeking to stop the flood of Jews leaving France. Among them: anti-Zionism is "an invitation to anti-Semitism." An increase in prejudice is "growing in an insufferable manner in our country," he said, and pledged 100 million euros toward combating "racism and anti-Semitism." Ten thousand soldiers were deployed throughout the country. Parts of the *banlieues* have resembled war zones, including, at times, Créteil, east of Paris, where Valls made his pledge. Last December, Créteil endured the brutal case of a 19-year-old woman whose apartment, which she shared with her boyfriend, was broken into. One of her assailants allegedly said, "You must have cash here because you are Jews." They then gang-raped her. In April, Valls announced that French police had foiled five terrorist attacks in recent months amid stepped-up security. One involved an Algerian who allegedly shot himself by accident and then called an ambulance. "The threat has never been so high," Valls said. "We have never had to face this kind of terrorism in our history." (In June, the Anti-Defamation League was preparing to release a survey suggesting that the French population has become increasingly aware of the problem of anti-Semitism.)

The former foreign minister, 92-year-old

Roland Dumas, once convicted of accepting illegal gifts from a mistress who was a lobbyist for a French oil giant—the conviction was later reversed—criticized Valls, even though they are both in the Socialist Party. "He has personal alliances. That means he has prejudices. Everyone knows he is married to someone . . . who has influence on him," Dumas said on a news show. Valls's wife is the Jewish violinist Anne Gravoin. Immediately, the Wiesenthal center called on President Hollande to strip Dumas of his Légion d'Honneur, as the British designer John Galliano had been when he lashed out against the Jews. Its campaign was unsuccessful.

France has the largest population of Jews in Europe (and the third largest in the world, after Israel and the United States) and has always been seen as the laboratory to understand what is happening on the Continent. But Jews make up less than 1 percent of the French population. Even so, according to the S.P.C.J., they are the target of 51 percent of all racist acts in France. The country has become Israel's biggest source of immigrants.

There are those who question the dire statistics. "Can you believe that a philanthropist from New York was here last week and told us he had come to offer us humanitarian aid?" said Sacha Reingewirtz, the president of the Union of French Jewish Students, which won a court case against Twitter in 2013, forcing Twitter to identify authors of anti-Semitic tweets in France. Reingewirtz, with degrees from Oxford and the Sorbonne, tries to minimize the fact that swastikas have appeared on university campuses. The Jews of the Paris establishment have long lived a form of double life; religion in France is traditionally a private matter. "There is still a sense of downplay among the upper middle class," said the author Clémence Boulouque, a former literary critic for *Le Figaro* who now lives in New York. "There is a sense of pride. There is a reluctance to share our feelings and fears."

It's precisely this attitude that Ghozlan has been battling for decades, one that is fiercely resilient given the current mood in Paris. The country's counterterrorism forces are now desperately trying to cope with what is commonly called the "third wave of anti-Semitism" in modern France. The first wave, coming from the far right, morphed into the neo-Nazi crusades of the 1990s, which targeted not only France's Jews but also the growing Muslim population isolated in projects on the outskirts of the cities. The second wave came from the far left—rooted in pro-Palestinian, anti-Israel attitudes—and erupted during the first and second intifadas, with flare-ups in the 1990s and early 2000s. The third wave has been propelled by the recent rise of ISIS, has metastasized via thousands of Web sites and social media, and, in France, has become homegrown and homeschooled among a vulnerable population of young Muslims. One Jewish-American expat, living with his young family in a quiet part of Le Neuf Trois, just over the Boulevard Périphérique from Montmartre, told me, "It can feel like there are two choices for a young man in the projects: sell drugs or turn to Islam."

French Muslims who are as assimilated as French Jews speak privately of suddenly being trapped into the identity of Islam, whether they are religious or not. Sartre once wrote of the Jews, "It is the anti-Semite who creates the Jew." The same can be said about Muslims, as the documentary-film maker and novelist Karim Miské—who was born in Ivory Coast and was not brought up Muslim—wrote in *Le Monde:* "It is the Islamophobe who makes the Muslim." Recently, Miské, winner of an English PEN award for his novel *Arab Jazz,* set in the checkerboard world of the 19th Arrondissement, was in the Marais with his 12-year-old daughter when a well-dressed man looked at him menacingly and said, "Boom." "The tragedy is that we are now trapped in an identification with religion," he told me. "Frankly, it is racist."

I went to visit a Jewish family in the Sixth Arrondissement, where life is as assimilated and as privileged as it gets for Jews in Paris. The 18-year-old daughter, a high-school senior making plans to attend university in England, asked me, "Is it true that if I lived in America I could wear a tiny Star of David necklace or a sweatshirt from Technion university?"

"What would happen if you wore it in this neighborhood?" I asked. "Do you think you would be physically attacked?"

"I would be made to feel *angoisse,*" she said, meaning uncomfortable, filled with anxiety or angst. This teenager was certain there would be looks and harassment, perhaps even a physical altercation. I heard the word *angoisse* frequently in Paris. However established you have been as a Jew in France, I was told, you no longer have the luxury of feeling invisible. It is as if the Jews of France are being forced yet again into a ghetto of cultural identification. This, despite France's profound traditions of liberty, equality, and fraternity, not to mention *laïcité*—the stubborn commitment to strict secularism. As a member of an established Jewish family recently told the *Telegraph* columnist Anne-Elisabeth Moutet, "When did we become foreigners again?"

"No One Else Will Die"

On the ninth of January, the day of the Hyper Cacher attack in Porte de Vincennes, the sirens of Paris did not stop. Ghozlan's niece, a lawyer, was on her way to the Hyper Cacher when she ran into a friend just outside the store. It was one P.M. They stopped to talk. Suddenly, a muscular African rushed past her with his knapsack. He knocked her in the shoulder. A few moments later she heard gunshots. She called her uncle immediately. Ghozlan happened to know the store owner. He texted him and started calling everyone he knew in the Paris police.

➳ ON THE COVER

Channing Tatum wears a shirt by James Perse. Hair products by Oribe. Grooming products by Tom Ford. Grooming by Jamie Taylor. Haircut by Reg Powell. Set design by Mary Howard Studio. Produced on location by Portfolio One. Styled by Jessica Diehl. Photographed exclusively for *V.F.* by Annie Leibovitz on the back lot at Warner Bros. Studio in Burbank, California. For details, go to VF.com/credits.

Only 12 days before, on December 28, Ghozlan had had an ominous feeling and sent out another of his warnings: "The next attack is going to come at an unguarded Jewish business or store. The B.N.V.C.A. demands 24/7 security on Jewish stores." An associate told him, "You are going too far, Sammy."

In news reports of the Hyper Cacher attack, one man is called the Unidentified Hostage. I met him in Paris in March, several weeks before French judges placed a gag order on the hostages. His story has never been told publicly. In the five hours that Coulibaly held 19 people hostage, André, as he insists on being called, was the only one alone with the attacker for long stretches of time. When he was finally rescued with the other surviving hostages, he spent hours briefing the counterterrorism squad, was congratulated for his sangfroid, drafted a 10-page statement, and met Prime Minister Valls at a reception. Soon after, André took leave from work, afraid for his life.

André is 43, a computer tech with clients that include law firms and banks. He is Jewish, but non-observant, and does not keep kosher. He had heard of Sammy Ghozlan but never paid particular attention to the B.N.V.C.A. Like everyone in Paris, he was badly shaken by the terrorist attack at the offices of *Charlie Hebdo,* and on Friday, January 9, he and his girlfriend made the decision to stay in for the weekend. The Hyper Cacher is known for its appetizers—tabbouleh, hummus, freshly prepared every day. Moments after they entered the shop to buy some snacks for the weekend, they heard gunshots and raced downstairs to the basement with others to hide. A few minutes later, a fellow customer rushed down and told them, "He will kill us all if you do not come up." André and his girlfriend followed a group upstairs to a scene of bodies, blood pooling on the floor, and an angry Coulibaly: "Does anyone here know anything about computers?"

For André, the smooth-faced African was obviously "a boy of the *banlieues.*" He was struck by what seemed to be a split in Coulibaly's personality. He seemed equal parts insecure student and newly trained terrorist, as if he were taking cues from the ISIS playbook, which inspires working-class would-be jihadists to morph into monsters capable of beheading. "It is a form of empowerment," André said. It became clear to André that, for all his training, Coulibaly did not possess the tech skills needed to perform what was evidently an essential task: the uploading of his GoPro footage of the carnage, in which four people were slaughtered in the first moments of the attack. "He needed it for instant replay on jihadi sites," André said. Just as urgently, Coulibaly wanted to get online to monitor the news. "What was urgent is that his footage was expected to be uploaded while he was in the store to incite other attacks in Paris."

Coulibaly had raced into the store with at least one Kalashnikov rifle, a Scorpion submachine gun, two Tokarev pistols, knives, ammunition, and a silver laptop, with instructions on how to upload his footage and what to say to the news media. What he did not bring, however, was any equipment to make it work without Wi-Fi. The Hyper Cacher had no Wi-Fi. In addition, Coulibaly forgot to bring his charger cord, and his laptop was running out of power. In the office of the small store, his frustration was mounting. "He was desperate to get online," André said. André volunteered to help. For the next five hours, he was in and out of the office of the Hyper Cacher as Coulibaly ricocheted between rage and calm. At one point, Coulibaly questioned the hostages and learned that André had never been inside the Hyper Cacher before. "Wow, that is bad luck," Coulibaly said.

André is a slight man, with delicate hands and large expressive eyes. It was easy to understand how Coulibaly would not have found him threatening. His size, however, masked his physical strength and discipline. On the day we met, he wore purple suede running shoes and a gray silk scarf knotted around his neck. His first task was to get Coulibaly online. "Are you sure you know what you are doing?" Coulibaly said, and hovered over him with the guns. "I just focused," André said. "I told him what I was doing as I was doing it. And at all times I called him 'mister,' and I used the formal *vous,* as a way of showing my respect. I wanted to keep him calm. I knew that already he had killed four people, and I made it my mission: No one else will die. 'We don't need Wi-Fi,' I told him. 'I can get you online.'" André grabbed a cable from the Hyper Cacher's printer, used it to connect Coulibaly's laptop to the store's Internet hookup, and opened a Web browser on Coulibaly's desktop. He could have used an application that would have left no footprint—like Tails, the choice of Edward Snowden—but a browser, André knew, is easily trackable.

Soon, the news was up on the three channels Coulibaly had requested, France 24, Canal+, and BFMTV, the country's leading news network, which Coulibaly was determined to contact. André remained near him. "Connect me to the newsdesk," Coulibaly snapped, but he kept his laptop angled so André could not see directly onto the screen. What he did manage to see was a complex set of instructions that Coulibaly had downloaded and was trying to follow. On the telephone finally with BFMTV, Coulibaly began to free-associate a rambling statement about his mission to avenge the Prophet and kill the Jews. When he hung up, he continued to speak to André, and, from time to time, others in the store. He allowed the hostages to have lunch. "I will serve you," André said, which angered Coulibaly. "I have not given you that order," Coulibaly said.

Some of what Coulibaly talked about that day was tracked by authorities when they were able to monitor a Samsung Galaxy phone Coulibaly had borrowed from one customer, but much was not. To André, he admitted that he had killed the policewoman in Montrouge and that he was working with Cherif and Said Kouachi, the brothers responsible for the *Charlie Hebdo* massacre. "He said, 'There are many people like me who are now preparing in Arab countries.' He told me, and others too, 'I am not crazy. We understand the Koran. We understand the good and the right way.'" Coulibaly's French sounded unsophisticated to André, without subjunctives. On the telephone, however, with French media, he spoke a more academic French, as if he had been tutored with a formal script.

What André never revealed to Coulibaly was that, in his early career, he had, in fact, been a teacher in a very tough suburb. "It was a different France then," he told me. "In the 1990s we had no problems. I had students that reminded me of Coulibaly. They were operating out of the system. We were trained in how to work with them." The first step, he said, was to always show them respect. "I knew to listen and not to argue. I knew, 'Do not use the familiar *tu*—that only came at the end.' I used the word *vous* until he began saying '*tu*' to me."

André did not tell Coulibaly another essential fact of his life. On the roster of his tech clients were some with high security clearances at foreign embassies. From a cold-storage room in the basement of the Hyper Cacher, he had texted his contacts. The French counterterrorism squad still has his phone, he said, but André recreated a version of what he sent: "It is very urgent. There is a terrorist attack at Hyper Cacher. He has already killed." He noticed that he had only two bars on his own Samsung Galaxy and worried that it would not go through. He quickly sent another: "I am downstairs in the refrigerator room." And one more: "I am in the Hyper Cacher of Porte de Vincennes. There is someone with a weapon and he has already killed."

Several times that afternoon, Coulibaly, finally calm, asked André, "Do you understand why I am doing what I am doing? Do you understand what I am doing here? I am here because the Prophet has given me an order. I am here to stop the war in the Arab countries."

"I said, 'I can understand what you are saying.' I went into a neutral state, like a teacher. I wanted him to see into my eyes and know that I was not angry. I said, 'I am here and I will try to help you.'" He was, André believed, hoping for a glimmer of mutually understood truth or to hear perhaps the ultimate French compliment of agreement: *exactement!*

Reliving it, André starts to tremble slightly. He has been in therapy since January, as has his girlfriend, who still cannot get on the Métro. His fear is that he will be identified, and his life will be threatened. "Again and again he said, 'This is not my fault. I have to do this. It is not against you personally.' He wanted me to acknowledge in some way his point of view. And what had brought him to what he had to do. He needed to be understood."

Au Revoir, Paris

The most troubling question in the French Jewish community is also the most obvious one: "Is it time to leave?"

I asked Roger Cukierman, the head of the Conseil Représentatif des Institutions Juives de France, or CRIF, the umbrella group for secular Jewish organizations in France. I expected him to equivocate, but, by way of an answer, he quickly reeled off some of the horrors that have plagued the Jews of Europe during the last decade: the case of Ilan Halimi, a cell-phone salesman kidnapped, brutally tortured, and killed in the Paris suburbs by a gang in 2006 for being Jewish; the 2012 murders of three small children and one adult at point-blank range at the Ozar Hatorah school, in Toulouse, by Mohamed Merah; the 2014 slaughter at the Brussels Jewish Museum; the deadly attack at the synagogue in Copenhagen in February of this year. This March, Merah's stepbrother was pictured in the *New York Post* in his camouflage ISIS togs pronouncing a death sentence, as a pre-pubescent boy beside him pulled the trigger in the videotaped execution of the 19-year-old Israeli Arab Muhamed Musalam. Then there are the riots. As Cukierman told *The Telegraph* last summer, "They are not screaming 'Death to the Israelis' on the streets of Paris. They are screaming 'Death to the Jews.'"

To get a better idea of why Ghozlan decided to leave, I went to visit his friend and colleague Yossi Malka, a retired businessman who works for the B.N.V.C.A. Malka met me at the commuter rail station at Stains, a suburb in Le Neuf Trois. If you didn't know better, you could be in parts of Queens or the Bronx. Here are the same gray projects, laundry flung over the balconies.

Malka wore a worn brown leather jacket, a natty tie, and a fedora—what I think of as the uniform of the *banlieues*—and drove me to Sarcelles, 20 minutes away and part of what is called the Red Belt, a string of suburban towns, many with Communist or Socialist mayors historically but, now, an expanding National Front. "This is not the Paris of Woody Allen," Malka told me as we approached a small synagogue ringed by low apartment buildings topped with satellite dishes. "That Paris no longer exists."

Sarcelles, which borders Le Neuf Trois, is an extended area of small apartment houses, shopping centers, projects, and markets, the first stop for middle-class Moroccans, Algerians, and Tunisians, who, like Ghozlan's family, immigrated to France in the 1960s. For decades these neighborhoods were peaceful, a vibrant mix of French citizens and immigrants, all trying to make their way in a country with little regard for their special identities.

"Welcome to the most endangered synagogue in France," Malka said as we entered a small driveway in Garges-lès-Gonesse, a suburb next to Sarcelles. "Look at that," he said, pointing out through the windshield. "All day, they throw things—melons, garbage, rocks, and bottles." Parked in front was a large silver van from France's counterterrorism force, Vigipirate.

In Garges last July, a week after the violence on the Rue de la Roquette, a highly visible billboard advertising lollipops was modified with a large scrawl: PALESTINE WILL LIVE, PALESTINE WILL OVERCOME. COME WITH: MORTAR, FIRE EXTINGUISHER, BATON. DEMONSTRATION AT THE GARGES-SARCELLES TRAIN STATION. COME OUT IN NUMBERS! FOLLOW TO THE JEWISH QUARTER.

French authorities took action, and the pro-Palestinian demonstrations planned for the weekend, which clearly promised another wave of anti-Semitic violence, were forbidden. Yet nothing was done to stop them. On Saturday, July 19, thousands appeared in and around Paris, burning cars, attacking buses. By two P.M. the next day, a mob of hundreds crowded the narrow street by the Garges synagogue, and the first rocks had shattered the Star of David window. Hammers were taken to the lock at the gate; the marks were still visible when I visited in March. The police refused to move in. Ghozlan was alerted immediately but could hardly hear over what had become the standard rallying cry: "MORT AUX JUIFS!" Their next destination: the shopping center in Sarcelles and its large synagogue, two blocks away, another stop on Malka's grim tour.

Ghozlan sent out a blast via text message: "Big emergency in Sarcelles. Stores are being attacked. Synagogue is being held by demonstrators. Police are not going in Sarcelles." Within the hour, a pharmacy was in flames. Then hundreds raced through the central plaza toward a Jewish market and that too went up in flames. Then on to the synagogue. Ghozlan was furiously texting for every member of the Ligue de Défense Juive in the area to get to the synagogue and protect it, while advising the general public to "stay out of Sarcelles."

News footage showed French police standing inert for almost two hours until reinforcements arrived with tear gas. (The previous day, the police had used tear gas and made 38 arrests.) With the help of the Ligue, they were able to push back the mob. Later, they would say they were waiting for authorization: France's police are under strict instructions not to intervene without actual threats of violence. When the young people of the synagogue came outside, they began to sing "La Marseillaise" to thank the police for their rescue. Standing in the crowd, Malka saw several French police officers crying. "This should not be happening ever again in France," one of them told Malka. Earlier that afternoon, Prime Minister Valls had laid a wreath during a commemoration of the 72nd anniversary of the roundup that sent more than 13,000 Jews from Paris to the Nazi death camps.

When I asked Ghozlan about this day, his eyes moistened. "I relived my childhood. In Algeria, the French said they would protect us. Then the mobs came and torched Jewish businesses and we had to flee."

The first things Ghozlan packed last November were his musical instruments, two violins and a piano. Then he sorted through hundreds of family photographs and letters. He shipped a Louis XVI commode and a writing desk but left most of the furniture for the tenants, an immigrant family who were the first to answer the ad for the house on the Avenue Henri Barbusse in Le Blanc-Mesnil that Ghozlan had built in the 1970s. Today, few of the Ghozlans' Jewish neighbors remain; two-thirds of the members of his synagogue down the street have departed. His three daughters have already moved to Israel.

What surprised many was Ghozlan's determination to leave. He resisted encouragement from a friend and neighbor, Hassen Chalghoumi, the imam of Drancy, who moved to that suburban town, the next one over from Le Blanc-Mesnil, from Tunisia in 1996. He has been an ally of Ghozlan's for most of the past decade, attending his rollicking Shabbat dinners and hosting Ghozlan for lunches at his mosque. "I told him again and again, 'You cannot leave,'" Chalghoumi told me. "Sammy would not engage in the conversation."

Chalghoumi is tall and commanding, with an exuberant personality. "The world changed on 9/11," he said. "At the airport I am often pulled out of the lines." But the imam reacted strongly when I referred to "Islamophobia." "I will not use that word," he said. "That plays into a sense of victimization."

Chalghoumi gave a speech at the Shoah Memorial in Drancy in 2006. Not long after, his house was vandalized, the contents damaged or destroyed. At a prayer service in 2009, Chalghoumi talked about the need to respect the Jews and their centuries of culture. The next day, around 200 protesters collected outside his mosque, confronting anyone who tried to enter. Many of the protesters waved signs: PUPPET OF THE JEWS. With members of a Jewish organization, he toured Israel with 20 imams in 2012. When he returned, there was a mass of demonstrators at the airport. In 2013, he was in Tunisia with his family when he was assaulted near a mosque. His daughters were with him and have yet to get over it. He spent days in the hospital.

I met Chalghoumi in a private room at a Hilton, given to him, he said, by "Jewish friends"—the hotel owners. With him were three bodyguards. His next appointment was with the grand rabbi of Brussels, and soon, Chalghoumi said, he would be on his way back to Israel. His phone rings as frequently as Ghozlan's. One of the calls that day was from someone informing the imam that the French government would start shutting down a few Islamist Web sites that were advocating terrorism. "Bravo," he said. "It's a start."

He pulled out his iPhone and showed me dozens of racist sites, many naming him as a target. Suddenly, I heard shouts from the speaker. The images on the screen were of demonstrators massed against him in Drancy. The problem in France, Chalghoumi believes, "is the foreign funding of mosques where imams are often imported from Saudi Arabia and Qatar. Why won't the government put a stop to it? No one is monitoring what is going on. All of the imams here should be trained in France."

When Ghozlan was in the hospital, Chalghoumi made sure to visit—the only one of his friends, Ghozlan later told me, who made the effort. The imam thinks he might still have a shot at getting his friend to move back to Paris. "I am not giving up," he told me. "I am going to make him change his mind."

Throughout the second half of 2014, Ghozlan and the B.N.V.C.A. were in overdrive amid a flurry of new reports: signs in Le Neuf Trois that said, HITLER WAS RIGHT; a 16-year-old Jewish student hospitalized when four Africans jumped him; groups making Nazi salutes at the Shoah Memorial; the robbery and rape in Créteil. A new white plastic binder had to be started.

On Christmas Day, Ghozlan received word that an air rifle had been fired at a kosher fast-food restaurant in the 19th Arrondissement, just a few days after a synagogue had been similarly attacked. Then, the following day, a nearby synagogue and a printer's shop. Ghozlan insisted on cranking out a press release. Then he sent out the alert predicting further attacks on Jewish stores, 12 days before Coulibaly entered the Hyper Cacher.

On that January day, the chairman of the

French Anti-Semitism

luxury-goods company who witnessed the defacing of Marianne with a swastika last July got a hysterical phone call from his daughter. She had learned on Facebook that one of her father's cousins was trapped inside the store. Her father was already in a garage off the Champs-Élysées, getting on his motorcycle to try to get through the police lines in Porte de Vincennes.

Inside the office of the Hyper Cacher, Coulibaly was desperate to connect to the police. He demanded that André dial the number. Coulibaly heard the recording: "'If you need this office, press 1. If you need that office, press 2,'" André told me. "Coulibaly said, 'What bullshit. Nothing in this country works.'" He had managed to get through to French TV but was still having other problems. He needed to upload his GoPro footage, but, André said, "his program was a very old Adobe Flash Player. Maybe if the Flash Player would have been working, I would never have been in that office all that time. At one point, he asked all of us our names and religion. And what we did for a living. I said, 'I am a handyman. That is how I know computers.' At that moment, he took his weapon and started to load it. I thought, This is the end."

In the Hyper Cacher office later that afternoon, André saw that Coulibaly's upload of his seven minutes of carnage had stalled at 87 percent. Then he heard noises coming from outside. He and his girlfriend hid under the checkout counter. Coulibaly had gone to a corner of the store to pray. When the counterterrorism squad sprayed bullets into the store, Coulibaly was killed instantly. As André and the other hostages, including the luxury-company chairman's cousin, rushed out, they were told, "Do not look to your side." In the pandemonium, André did not notice Coulibaly's dead body next to the checkout counter.

Nicolas Comte, the head of the Unité SGP police union, had been among the crowd earlier in the day outside the Hyper Cacher. Tall and broadly built, he resembles a TV anchor and is the face of the French police. When we spoke, he mentioned that the concerns of the Jewish community were crucial to him. "Why?" I asked. He hesitated. "I don't tell many people, but my wife is Jewish and so are my children." Comte is Catholic. The one time he had met Sammy Ghozlan was when Comte went to his in-laws' synagogue in Le Blanc-Mesnil. "I knew him only from his reputation. He's a hero of mine," Comte said.

Like many in his situation, Comte now lives "a bit of a double life," he said, in France. "I have told all my children, 'Do not let anyone know you are Jewish. It is a private affair.' But my youngest son, recently a Bar Mitzvah, insists on wearing a small Star of David. I let him know my concern. I said, 'You must be careful.' Now, when I go to synagogue, I have a gun that I carry in my coat pocket so no one can see it. It has come to that."

Not long after the attack on the Hyper Cacher, representatives of the Ministry of the Interior appeared on the Avenue Henri Barbusse in Le Blanc-Mesnil. They had come to alert Ghozlan that he would now have a security detail posted at his house at all times. Ghozlan's tenants informed them, "Mr. Ghozlan has moved from France," and gave them his new address in Israel. □

Polo Ponies

Game of Clones

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with his wife, 40-year-old María Vázquez, a former model, and his children, 12-year-old Mia, 9-year-old Adolfo, and 4-year-old Myla. He didn't seem to realize he was a millionaire until a reporter from the *Financial Times* brought up the fact during an interview a few years ago.

Meeker began cloning in 2009, using a Texas lab called ViaGen, and by 2010 he and Cambiaso had their first cloned foals on the ground. "When Alan called me to tell me the clones were starting to be born I couldn't believe it," Cambiaso remembers, running his leathery hand over his chin.

Toward the end of 2010, Meeker and Cambiaso decided to include a clone of Cambiaso's mare Cuartetera at an auction the Argentinean polo star was hosting to sell promising young horses that he had bred. At a racetrack in the well-heeled Buenos Aires suburb of San Isidro, Meeker told a rapt audience what a clone was and how it was produced. When two three-month-old Cuartetera copies were led into the ring and bidders were invited to choose one, he was so astounded by the offers he had to leave the hall to collect his wits. Meeker returned just in time to hear the winning bid of $800,000—the most ever paid for a polo horse—from a partnership led by Argentinean businessman and amateur polo buff Ernesto Gutiérrez, a close friend of Cambiaso's.

Gutiérrez was interested in more than just owning a Cuartetera, however. He wanted Meeker and Cambiaso to bring him on as Crestview's third partner. In a meeting shortly after the auction, he told them, "Look, you can't sell any more of these horses." To sell the clones, the businessman argued, was to give away Crestview's most important asset: its monopoly on the genetics of Cambiaso's star horses. Instead, he suggested that Crestview bring the clone Gutiérrez had bought back into the company, loop Gutiérrez in as a partner, and sell only the foals of clones.

Meeker and Cambiaso invited Gutiérrez on board. Besides being close with Cambiaso, Gutiérrez is experienced in navigating Argentina's convoluted business environment. He ran one of the country's most important companies, airport operator Aeropuertos Argentina 2000, and was also an influential stakeholder in Cambiaso's La Dolfina clothing company.

Now that he no longer spends his days in an office, Gutiérrez opts for a look that is more beach-bohemian than polo chic, frequently dressing in Converse sneakers, graphic T's, and leather necklaces. At 58, and until recently a competitive surfer, Gutiérrez spends much of the year jetting between surf destinations and his large, thatch-roofed house in Panama. When he travels to Argentina for the polo season, in September, he sticks close to La Ensenada, his sprawling estancia, where he has more than 150 horses and three polo fields.

It is on that 300-acre property, an hour outside of Buenos Aires, that Crestview has built its own proprietary lab. At first, the company outsourced all of its cloning to ViaGen, in Texas. Early on, when Meeker realized he was one of the lab's biggest clients, he considered buying the whole operation, but ultimately decided just to license its technique for the cloning of polo horses. Though they collaborate with ViaGen occasionally, the Crestview team now undertakes most of its cloning at their private facility on Gutiérrez's farm. (They also raise clones at Meeker's farm in Aiken, South Carolina.)

Situated off a poplar-lined driveway in a small gray cottage that is more reminiscent of *Pleasantville* than Frankenstein's castle, Crestview's lab consists of three main rooms. The group's six scientists use the back rooms to warm petri dishes in incubators or freeze them in a giant locker cooled to −112 degrees Fahrenheit. In the main area, they gather around a granite-topped table, strewn with microscopes, pipettes, and LCD screens. While hunched over this table the lab's technicians produce hundreds of clone embryos every week.

The day before the team plans to clone, which they do three times a week, a truck from a nearby slaughterhouse drops off scores of ovaries salvaged from dead horses. Plugging their noses to cope with the stench and blasting Bruce Springsteen to help with the repetitiveness of the task at hand, the specialists scrape out the enormous ovaries with a spatula to remove the eggs and place them in an incubator. After 24 hours, when the eggs are mature enough to be manipulated, the head scientists slide them under powerful microscopes and use a minuscule hollow needle to clean them and remove the nuclei, which contain their DNA. Again with a needle, the scientists insert a cell from the horse they wish to clone into a special zone just inside the empty egg's outer membrane. This package is then given an electric shock to fuse the two parts, soaked in a cocktail of different chemicals, and popped in an incubator for seven days.

Of the approximately 100 embryos the Crestview team creates every day it clones, only 35 percent survive their time in the incubator. "It's not easy to trick an egg into believing it's fertilized," chief scientist Adrián Mutto explains. The embryos that persevere are packed into a metal basket that simulates the warmth of a womb and shipped to embryo centers to be implanted in surrogate mares. At this point, the process of creating a clone converges with the process of producing a conventional polo foal.

The monotony of the scientists' daily work contrasts sharply with the extraordinary product they create. "If we didn't play good music, we would kill ourselves," says Germán Kaiser, one of the lab's scientists, as he squints at his 53rd petri dish of the day.

Mutto is more sentimental about their efforts. Bearded and outspoken, with a large tattoo of a dragon on his right biceps, he drives a golf cart from his laboratory across Gutiérrez's property to visit a clone of Hanna (*sic*) Montana, a lanky bay mare that Cambiaso named after one of his daughters' favorite television programs. Zipping past verdant fields filled with pregnant broodmares, Mutto reflects, "When I see a clone of mine born, it's this unbelievable sensation. I think, I've known you since you were one cell."

He parks the cart in front of the Hanna Montana clone's paddock and leans over the fence. Utterly uninterested in the scientist's arrival, the leggy one-year-old continues grazing. Trying to persuade her to come over, Mutto pleads jokingly, "But I am your father!"

Human Clones?

About 25 years ago, polo breeders realized that letting their horses mate normally—stallion sees mare, stallion likes mare, stallion mounts mare—was inefficient. Most polo horses are mares and, using natural breeding methods, were not allowed to reproduce until they retired. The alternative and now widely adopted embryo-transfer system, wherein mares are artificially inseminated and their fertilized embryos transferred into surrogate broodmares, has increased the reproductive potential of polo mares from one to four to six foals per year, even while they are still playing. Since it took hold commercially, in the 1990s, the method has completely transformed how polo breeders operate, with very few Argentinean breeders allowing their horses to spontaneously roll in the hay anymore.

Crestview's owners believe cloning will stretch equine reproductive limits even further than embryo transfer did. By creating multiple copies of star horses and subsequently using the standard artificial-insemination and embryo-transfer techniques to breed those clones with other top-performing horses, Crestview can create droves of genetically promising foals. Meeker explains, "We are turning the tables for mares and stallions. With cloning you can have a mare spreading her genetics as far and wide, someday perhaps wider even than stallions can."

It is this "genetic improvement program" that most excites the Crestview men. All of their clones will be trained for high-level play, and the majority will also be used to create foals with favorable DNA. Crestview's clones have already produced around 200 such foals, some of which have been sold, at the fixed price of $80,000 or three for $200,000.

Crestview's swift progress, and the speed with which scientists have been able to replicate a diverse array of creatures, invites an instinctive—and disturbing—question: What about humans? Scientists could theoretically clone humans using somatic-cell nuclear transfer, the same technique Crestview uses for horses. Meeker suspects that somewhere, in some dark corner of the world, scientists are trying.

Because cloning tends to provoke such *Twilight Zone* visions, Meeker used to be very deliberate in how he spoke about what Crestview does. Two years ago, he steered clear of the word "natural" when talking about conventional, when-a-horse-loves-another-horse breeding methods and stiffened when he heard "artificial," "man-made," or "manufactured" applied to clones. Today, as more of the polo world has accepted cloning, he is far more relaxed. On two occasions wealthy individuals have approached him about cloning a human, he mentions nonchalantly. "I said, 'Yes, I can do it, but I'm just not going to.'"

Gutiérrez is even breezier, blithely sharing a story about the unfortunately named Small Person, a petite mare of Cambiaso's that Crestview has cloned. "I was with my daughter in Palm Beach meeting with Alan about the clones. We were on our way to Snowmass to ski. We're eating breakfast, and Alan says, 'On your way to Colorado, come by Aiken to see the Small Person clones. We have six or seven Small Persons.' My daughter's face went white," he recalls, laughing heartily at the memory. "She didn't know we had a horse called Small Person and thought we had miniature humans living in a corral!"

No matter the gobs of money thrown at them, the Crestview men agree they'll steer clear of human replication. "The individual who asked me to clone a human was extremely affluent," Meeker says. "Those type of people don't take 'no' for an answer. They keep looking until they get a 'yes.'" For now, they will have to look elsewhere.

Legality will not be a concern. The comforting assumption that human cloning is universally prohibited is unfortunately false. About 70 countries have outlawed human cloning, and the United States is not one of them. Since 1998, Congress has failed on numerous occasions to pass a bill banning human cloning.

The Crestview owners worry about the ethics of replicating humans. While the issue has not been conclusively studied, Meeker and Gutiérrez believe their horse clones are born with a type of shadow memory inherited from their donor "parents." "From a very early age, they know things that no one has taught them," Gutiérrez says. "Normally horses don't become aware of their gender until their hormones kick in at a year and a half. That's not true of the clones. They become aware a lot earlier and cannot be left in the same paddock, otherwise they fight or try to mate."

In horses, as in other species, certain experiences and conditions can cause changes to the way the DNA works in their cells. Though it has never been proved scientifically, Gutiérrez, Meeker, and Mutto suspect that these epigenetic changes, as they're called, can result in things as complex as a horse's learned behaviors being stored not just in the horse's brain but encoded in every cell in the body. When the adult horse is cloned, they believe, these "cellular memories" are copied right along with the DNA. Mariano Aguerre, ranked among the top polo players in the world, has observed something along these lines with the clone of his champion gelding Califa. The original Califa has an intense fear of garden hoses; its clone is equally terrified of them.

"I finally decided human cloning would not be a good thing, because I think that cellular memory actually does exist," says Meeker. "Can you imagine having a baby that is born with memories of extreme happiness or extreme sadness? I think what you may do is have a child that is born insane because it cannot process what's up there" in its head. "I'm not willing to take that risk for any amount of money. Forget ethics, forget religion, forget laws."

I. Glenn Cohen, a specialist in bioethics who teaches at Harvard Law School and has a taste for colorful glasses, is skeptical about the transference of cellular memory. "It's possible that those involved in cloning horses have expectations of their clones based on the original donor parents, and that they are somehow eliciting these reactions," he says. Either way, he agrees that the prospect of human cloning presents serious ethical questions.

Certain members of the polo world are also dubious about equine cloning. According to one Argentinean polo insider, the Pieres family, whose three strapping sons are among Cambiaso's most formidable challengers, opposes cloning because the outcomes are too uncertain. In 2007, two years before Meeker founded Crestview, the Piereses teamed up with private

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groups and two university labs to replicate their retired star mare, Chusma. The resulting foal died less than 24 hours after she was born, and the family, it seems, has not cloned since. "I might clone stallions and mares for breeding, in case something happened to them," Facundo Pieres, 29, told a reporter last year. "But not to play on. There would be a lot of pressure for the clones to perform as well as the original, and in reality it depends a lot on how they're bred, broken, and trained. It is very unlikely that they would be identical to the cloned horse." Cambiaso chalks the Pieres family's position up to disappointment: "They tried and gave up before it started working. Now they're late." (*Vanity Fair* reached out to the Pieres family on several occasions, but they declined to comment for this story.)

Though the process has since become more reliable, Crestview's cloning journey has not been free of obstacles, either. With an overall success rate of around 12 percent, Crestview's team has to create a dozen embryos and impregnate three or four broodmares to ensure the successful birth of even one clone. "Cloning is still a very experimental process," Arthur Caplan, a bioethics professor at New York University, says. "You get a lot of animals that are in poor health and a lot that are stillborn. The toll of cloning is high on the broodmares."

Mutto insists that most of Crestview's unsuccessful clone embryos die before or very soon after they are transferred into live wombs, meaning limited distress for the surrogate mares. Of the clones Crestview has brought to term, he says very few have had any serious health issues: "Maybe 1 in 30 of our clones born has a slight problem."

Crestview's only true competitor in cloning polo ponies, an Argentinean company called Kheiron, and Katrin Hinrichs, who clones horses for research purposes at Texas A&M University, have had different experiences. Both report a high incidence of clone embryos being lost during gestation and say that, of those brought to term, many are born with health issues. Of the 20 cloned foals she has brought into the world, Hinrichs says, half had some health problems, ranging from mild to serious. The results reported by Kheiron are better but still not heartening: 60 percent of the clones it has brought to term were completely healthy, but 25 percent suffered from serious or fatal health issues.

When asked how she defends such a physically costly process, Hinrichs, a self-professed horse-lover and quarter-horse competitor, explains that the aim of her research "is to develop methods to reduce fetal loss and to increase the health of cloned foals." She pauses before musing, "The knowledge that we're gaining by cloning justifies the fetal loss and problems."

Storm Cat Reborn

For Crestview, the greater motivator is to raise the caliber of polo ponies. The Crestview clones are healthy enough to breed, and some have even risen to top levels of play. And Crestview is now moving beyond polo ponies.

Meeker's eyes light up when he talks about the potential of two three-month-old clones that were born in April at his farm in Aiken. The foals, which are dark bay with chestnut overtones and have a feisty streak, just like their "father," are genetic replicas of Storm Cat, a descendant of Secretariat's and a world-renowned racehorse in his own right, who died in 2013. At the peak of his stud career, racing buffs paid $500,000 for the swift stallion to impregnate their mares. (Among his offspring was the 1994 Preakness and Belmont champion, Tabasco Cat; this year's Triple Crown champion, American Pharoah, is his great-grandson.) In 2005, Sheikh Mohammed bin Rashid Al Maktoum, the prime minister of the United Arab Emirates, snapped up three Storm Cat foals at a Kentucky auction for $3 million, $3.5 million, and a staggering $9.7 million.

Crestview's owners have high hopes for Storm Cat's clones. Thoroughbred racing is one of the few equine disciplines, along with quarter-horse competition, where clones are banned from participating, but Meeker is considering the possibility that Storm Cat copies might someday race at non-registered tracks, and he certainly expects them to give polo a whirl. "Storm Cat was more compact than a regular racehorse," Meeker explains. "The clones might be really good at polo." At the very least, Crestview's owners will breed the Storm Cat clones with top-performing polo mares of Cambiaso's and offer their stud services to other interested horse breeders.

We may someday see Cambiaso in a polo championship on the back of a pony descended from Secretariat by way of a Storm Cat clone. And when it's time to play the Palermo Open this November, Cambiaso will surely have clones in his lineup. For him, the ultimate dream is to play a match on nothing but Cuartetera clones. He's getting closer to that goal.

At last year's Palermo Open, Cambiaso played on a five-year-old Cuartetera clone, which he unceremoniously named Cuartetera 01, in a qualifying match, eight years after losing Aiken Cura there. Streaking across the grass, weaving through a sea of swinging mallets, horse and rider melted into each other, moving as if they shared a brain. Cambiaso merely had to graze the clone with his heels and Cuartetera 01 shot forward. Touch the reins, and she sharply slowed.

When asked why he didn't give the mare her own name, he replied frankly, "Because she is Cuartetera, not any other horse." □

Channing Tatum

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from Butte, Montana. Have you ever been to Butte, Montana? I've driven through it . . . "

He paused for a moment. "I'd like to rattle the cage—maybe *that's* why I brought you to an abandoned zoo," Tatum said, climbing back toward the path. "I would, in the end, like to know that I've made at least one movie that will stand the test of time, that will be up there with the work of the people I grew up watching." A woman, seeing us step out of the enclosure, first screamed, then, recognizing Tatum, looked both bewildered and thrilled.

Leaving His Mark

We sat at a stone picnic bench beneath the stirrings of tall trees, where the conversation turned trippy and philosophical. Tatum, having found a crayon, sketched a clown on the table as he spoke. I called it an evil clown, but he disagreed, saying there was no reason to judge, good or evil—that's coming from me, not the clown. "Me and Jenna just saw *Step Up* on TV, and we watched it for two seconds," he said. "We made that 10 years ago or something. It was hard because you're like, 'Wow, I remember it being so much better.' Then other times you're like, 'I remember it being worse.' Things happen that change your perspective. Not just your opinion but your windshield, your lens. Like you put on a 50-mm. [lens], then take that 50 off and put on a 16. Now you can see so much more, but you're missing the little things. I think for a while I'm going to try to make movies that, even if they don't make a dollar, I'll still be so proud to be a part of them that it won't matter."

What did you think of all that graffiti in the cages?, I asked.

"They leave their mark, don't they?" he said, grinning. "And why do they want to leave it anywhere, much less in an abandoned cage. Why do we do what we do on a daily basis when we have the freedom to do anything we want? It's like that line from *Death of a Salesman:* I work 50 weeks a year for a two-week vacation. You know, you don't have to. You can make money and figure out how to live a life that you've dreamed of, but so many people don't look at it that way. Because life is hard. You get fearful. The fact is, one day, the house I'm living in is going to be like those cages, and some other civilization's going to be pockmarking the walls and spray-painting whatever shit—oh, man, I wish I had this Dalai Lama quote. They asked him … I'll send you the quote. It's a long quote. But somebody asked what's the most confounding thing about humans to him, and he goes—I'm going to butcher it—it's that humans live like they're never going to die, then die having never really lived."

XXL

A short time before I met with Tatum, I'd attended a press screening of *Magic Mike XXL.* There were half a dozen people in the theater, mostly women, presumably from the production company. In the last 30 minutes, the film hit such a crescendo of colorful, gyrating, music-driven all-male erotica that I felt as if I were hallucinating. Walking out, benumbed, I was behind two women in their 20s, discussing the movie as friends and I once discussed *Stripes* or *Lost in America.*

"What d'ya think?" the shorter one asked.

"What'd I think?" the other replied. "I think I could've watched that all day." □

Paul Newman's Legacy

The Girls He Left Behind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 100

Doc Hudson, the retired car-racing judge and doctor in the 2006 Pixar hit, *Cars*) and then he began to relinquish his involvement in Newman's Own.

"Every December for 24 years, Paul and I shared a pastrami sandwich, a root beer, and licorice jelly beans while selecting a steadily increasing number of recipients of our profits, which reached a total of $260 million in 2007, the last year Paul participated," wrote Hotchner. By then, Newman had told him, "Hotchnik, it's time we got out of the grocery business, you and I, and brought in professionals."

"A board of directors was installed with a very knowledgeable chairman, Robert Forrester, who organized the charitable arm of the company into a foundation," Hotchner wrote.

Forrester would be the head of the Newman's Own Foundation, but, according to earlier planning documents, Newman's daughters were intended to be substantially involved. Each would receive an inheritance of $500,000 upon their father's death. To follow in his footsteps, each daughter was to have a foundation set up for her, to be funded with assets from their father's estate. The documents suggested that 50 percent of their father's residual estate would be equally distributed among their foundations, with the remaining 50 percent left to support Joanne Woodward.

Including his daughters in his will was a major departure. "From the time we were children, our father informed us there would be no inheritance," Susan says. "He felt large sums of money eroded your ambition and mostly sabotaged your life. We all accepted this. That's not to say that financial assistance wasn't forthcoming over the years. In my mid-30s he called a family meeting and told us he was making some provisions for us after all. Apparently, Joanne had convinced him to do so."

But Newman had often changed his estate plans. "The distribution of Paul Newman's assets was governed by the terms of a trust created in 1980," says Brian Murphy, Newman's Los Angeles–based business manager and accountant of 30 years and co-executor of his will. "Over the years the trust was amended twelve times, the last being in April 2008, six months before Paul's death."

In 2006, Susan Newman met with Robert Forrester, in Paul Newman's New York City office, at his Fifth Avenue apartment. "I was told each daughter would inherit a million dollars, which was a sizable increase over what we had been told previously, and my father would set up foundations for each of us," she says. "Mr. Forrester also told me they would be funded with up to $30 million or more per daughter," she adds. "Newman's Own Foundation would have some cursory supervision over them, and the moneys had to be distributed within a finite period of time." In addition the daughters were to serve on the Newman's Own Foundation board and the entity that controlled the Hole in the Wall Gang Camps, with "one daughter (perhaps two) serving on its board of directors on a rotating basis," according to documents outlining Newman's preliminary estate plans.

That year, other meetings among Newman's advisers and his daughters commenced. "These weren't casual gatherings," says Susan. "They were well-orchestrated meetings that required some of us to fly in from out of state. There were business advisers, lawyers, accountants, and authorities in family philanthropy. We were told very specific things, not only about the future of our father's businesses, primarily philanthropic, but our daughterly responsibilities as my father envisioned them. Of course there were ongoing conversations with our father as well." (Forrester responds, "Factually, I have no basis upon which to say what level of knowledge all his daughters had about his final estate plans. While he did ask me to speak with them in 2006, about what was then the direction in which his thinking was taking him, he also asked that I make sure they all knew it was preliminary thinking on his part.")

When Newman had turned 80, in 2005, he was still jogging up and down the stairwells of the hotels where he stayed during trips to the car races in which he and his team competed. He subsisted on burgers and beer as he flew to the races with his pals on *Newman Air,* his name for his small Sabreliner business jet. At home, he was religious about exercising on his Versaclimber until drenched with sweat.

On August 13, 2007, in an outtake from the promotional video interview with Robert Forrester, Newman spoke of his intentions for his family. "All my children get a certain amount to be able to give away every year and they will be giving away my estate as well.… Yes, they are involved. They sit on the board of the companies and the foundation."

Around the time Newman made that video, the pain began. First in his back. The doctors found a spot on his lung, which was partially removed. The pain persisted. Then another diagnosis: it was leukemia.

"During these some weeks in the hospital, I'm reminded that I haven't been extraordinarily communicative," Paul wrote on February 26, 2008, to his lifelong friend the screenwriter Stewart Stern, whose credits include such classics as *Rebel Without a Cause.* "Actually for the first week I didn't know where I was. In fact, weeks ago I can remember asking Joanne, with confusion, 'What happened?' She said, 'You don't remember going to the hospital at four o'clock in the morning, something short of insane?' I didn't."

This period, some say, is when major changes in his estate planning were made.

"Many people who have executed a will when they are hale and hearty sometimes have a panic motion with the imminence of death," observes a close friend of Newman's. "And a lot of it has to do with whoever has the most influence on them in those last few weeks or months before they die … their lawyer or doctor or priest.… I'm not saying it happened here."

Newman continued to meet with various attorneys and advisers, often in his office in the barn of his Westport property. He had always disliked such technical business meetings, so he would go into the room, express his wishes, and then leave, saying, I'll be back later.

On April 11, 2008, six months before his death, Newman, with the assistance of a new lawyer, re-wrote his will. Four months later, on August 11, a medical report stated, "Memory loss continues to be a serious issue." By then, he would call his nonagenarian attorney's Westport office, instead of his new attorney, sometimes making suggestions on issues that had already been decided.

Asked about Newman's state of mind in his final days, Forrester says he "remained lucid, made well-reasoned decisions, and was fully in control of his planning, at least until a couple of weeks of his passing."

Postmortem

On September 26, 2008, Newman died at age 83, surrounded by his family. The reading of the will, in a Westport hotel, was supposed to be routine—at least for Newman's wife and daughters. He and his advisers had repeatedly expressed his intentions, they believed.

"Then we had the rug pulled out from under us," says Susan.

Most everything that the daughters felt they had been promised was gone. There was nothing about one or two daughters rotating on the Newman's Own Foundation board, because, Forrester says, Newman had changed his mind: "Paul never thought of Newman's Own as a family enterprise. For him it was always about the public good. At one time, he was giving some thought to having one daughter on each board serving a time-limited term, but ultimately decided against doing so."

The millions that had been discussed as going into their personal foundations—50 percent of Newman's residual estate—went to Joanne Woodward's marital trust, and the daughters' foundations would not be funded until after her death, to ensure that Woodward would be adequately cared for.

Since its creation, the sole member of the Newman's Own Foundation had been Paul Newman. On July 29, two months before his death, Newman signed a "Written Consent of Sole Member" document, appointing Robert Forrester and Brian Murphy as his foundation's second and third members. Forrester explains, "Around the time of our June 2008 Board meeting, Paul asked Brian Murphy and me to join him as members of the Foundation. A consent document to this effect was drafted by legal counsel and signed by Paul on July 29, 2008.... As sole members, we appoint the Board of the Foundation and approve bylaws. Once this has been done, the Board of Directors has fiduciary and governance responsibilities for the affairs of the Foundation; approving policies, plans, budgets, grants, etc. Further it is the Foundation Board of Directors, not the Foundation's members, who are responsible for appointing members to the Board, and for approving the bylaws of Newman's Own, Inc. (the food company)."

But according to Susan, "The keys to the kingdom had virtually been given to one man, Bob Forrester."

"Prior to my father's death, Mr. Forrester's favorite word was 'transparency,'" she says. "I had never heard the word thrown around as frequently as he used it. After my father passed away, and every plan had been changed and/or deferred, if we asked any questions, we were accused of being adversarial. Mr. Forrester became less available and when we were in communication he could easily become riled up. [Forrester says he continues "to work with members of the Newman family on a regular basis" and knows of "no unanswered questions."] Soon after he had control of the foundation, it seemed like almost everyone who walked through the door (employees, contract workers, and others) was being asked to sign a non-disclosure agreement. It's almost impossible to get a straight answer. Some of us receive calls from people with serious concerns, but they fear reprisals with their employment, retirement packages, or contracts. In some cases, they're nervous about whether their funding will be reduced or discontinued. Ultimately, those concerns prevent any public disclosure." (Forrester responds, "It has been a long standing practice, predating my involvement with Newman's Own, that employees, business partners, advisors and members of our Boards sign confidentiality agreements.")

Some of the daughters considered asking for a 10-day continuance before the will was filed for probate. "We discussed this with many lawyers, and they said it was not unusual to ask for an extension to better understand the changes and new provisions. But Forrester responded, 'No, absolutely not.' Then there were immediate warnings," says Susan: "'You're contesting the will, and could be disinherited.' Ever since then, we've been walking on eggshells." (Forrester says he has no recollection "of such a conversation and that kind of request would have been made not to me but to the lawyers.")

Each daughter might still be able to make recommendations for grants to charities of her choosing, as Newman had planned. But with stipulations. "Final authority for grantmaking decisions is solely reserved by the Foundation's Board of Directors," they were advised in a letter from Forrester four days after their father's death. There were no guarantees that the program would continue, that allocation levels wouldn't change year-to-year, or that the foundation board would approve every recommendation.

Forrester insists that Woodward knew about all of her husband's estate plans. Others say any mention of the changes upset her to the point where the subject became taboo. "Joanne's dislike for Bob is well known within her inner circle," says Susan. (Woodward was not available for comment.)

"My dad was a brilliant guy with many diverse talents, but he didn't trust people," Susan says. "Sadly, it is my belief that he had a propensity for trusting the wrong people. I am terribly concerned about my father's legacy.... Frankly, I feel, there are just too many questions about my father's health at the time he was making extremely important decisions... We weren't the only ones affected. Loyal household staff, longtime employees, and some loved ones had their trusts deferred, or were written out entirely."

Particularly troubling to some was the alleged disappearance of a codicil to Newman's will, in which he bequeathed one of his racecars to his driver. A source close to the trustees insists the codicil never existed. However, some friends and family members believed the mysterious codicil, to which Newman's longtime housekeeper and one of his nurses supposedly served as witnesses, was simply never filed, and they viewed this as evidence of possible irregularities. The driver filed a complaint in a Connecticut court. Depositions were taken. But the complaint was eventually dropped.

Controversy erupted when Newman's passion, his Newman/Haas Racing team, was de-funded for the 2009 season, although Newman had allegedly specified that the support was to be continued. "Even though [Forrester] understood that Paul wanted to support the team the following year, he said Joanne's estate could not afford that and hopefully we would understand that as of that day the Newmans' participation was out," recalls Mike Lanigan, a former racing-team partner of Newman's. (Forrester says he has "no role in Woodward's estate or personal financial affairs.") Lanigan says he spent considerable time with Newman shortly before his death. "He would tell me what he wanted shortly before he died," he says. "I don't think his wishes in a number of subjects were fulfilled. I'm not talking about the race team. I'm talking about the whole scenario of his estate."

Also de-funded was the Scott Newman Center, founded by Paul Newman amidst his personal devastation over his son's tragic death. In 2011, Newman's Own Foundation officials announced that they didn't intend to continue as the center's primary donor and insisted that a consultant of their choosing be hired for planning and fund-raising. New sources of funding were not found, however, and the center closed in May 2013. "Paul was very much involved in making this decision; in fact, it was Paul who first expressed a concern about the center's continuing viability," Forrester says. "This was in 2006, when it became clear that the center had developed such an overdependency on funding from Newman's Own, that it was on the verge of losing its tax-exempt status as a public charity. We reached out to them at that time, and offered to work together on their achieving greater financial self-sufficiency.... Regrettably, despite well in excess of a million dollars in grants from the foundation over a four-year period, and a tremendous amount of donated time, the center could not make any substantial progress in broadening its base of support, and its board made the decision to discontinue operations."

After her father's death, according to a source, Nell Newman was prevented from releasing new products because Newman's Own, Inc., might want to release the same products. Long discussions over Nell's licensing agreement to use her father's name and image, set to expire on December 31, 2014, broke down, and her license was not renewed. She was told she was a disqualified person, the tax-code term barring relatives of the founder of a private foundation in some cases (but not Nell's, some attorneys would insist) from working for a company owned by a foundation. So Nell offered to work for the company for free, but was turned down. Once, Newman's Own Organics was thought to be worth between $30 and $50 million, but the company's value would have been reduced greatly if it could no longer use Paul Newman's name or image. Launching a new company would mean jeopardizing the employment security of her 30 employees. Without employees or products, Nell decided she had no other choice but to turn her company back over to Newman's Own, Inc., and walk away, according to a source. Her name and image began to disappear from the label. (Newman's Own, Inc., now sells most of her organic products.)

Again, Forrester says the decision was Paul Newman's. "It was always the intention that Organics would someday be re-integrated into Newman's Own when its license expired," he says. "As organic foods became more mainstream, having two separate companies with essentially the same brand selling into a single market was becoming increasingly confusing. Having the Newman's Own brand back in one place was something Paul was encouraging and supporting us and Newman's Own Organics to do. Starting in 2006, and up until his passing, he was actively involved in efforts to accomplish this, and it was one of his greatest hopes that he would have seen this done during his lifetime."

Others find it difficult to believe that Newman would have wanted his daughter to leave the company she founded. "[Paul] was one proud fellow when Nell was so very, very passionate about her belief in organics and he wasn't, you know," Stewart Stern told me shortly before his death, at 92, last February. "He had to have it proven to him because it was business, and it was proven or there wouldn't have been the two of them on all those cans and boxes and everything else. It seems fantastic to me that it is possible that there'll be any change in that."

I asked the foundation's publicity representative if a member of Paul Newman's family would speak to me in their support and received this statement from Clea Soderlund, who remains a foundation vice president: "From a very young age, our parents taught us that being a good citizen in your community and giving back should be a priority if you were as lucky as we were.... I am very proud to be a part of his legacy.... It is a special gift and an honor."

For Susan Newman and others, it's now more complicated. "My father didn't believe in what he called noisy philanthropy. He didn't need the ego stroking of having his name on the side of a building. He wanted the money to go directly to the camp kids and charities. In the early days, my dad used to get a kick out of his conference table being a Ping-Pong table. Robert Forrester has bought a building. I've heard the total cost after renovation is between $12 million and $14 million. It may be more." (While declining to comment on the cost, Forrester says, "Newman's Own had some time ago seriously outgrown the space available to it.... Management explored all options, including leasing and buying new facilities.... The Board of Directors made the decision to purchase our new home.")

"As Paul's eldest daughter, I feel a responsibility, call it a duty, to fulfill his wishes and safeguard his legacy," continues Susan. "There are too many glaring examples of Mr. Forrester's decisions' being out of sync with the beauty and integrity that is essential to my father's philanthropic legacy. That has got to change." Forrester counters, "This could not be further from the facts.... Everything we are doing today is in line with Paul's way of doing things.... The Company has continued to prosper financially, while staying 100 percent committed to the value proposition of 'Quality Trumps Profits,' and the philanthropic practices we follow today are ones established with Paul."

The truth of what Paul Newman wanted may have to remain a mystery, said Stern, who was also extremely close to Joanne Woodward. "Like all great heroes, Paul was flawed. Some of those flaws have been appearing in the lives of people who were left behind in the swirl of his going. He would share everything and absolutely nothing, and it was the nothing part that was so very, very, very confusing, even to his best of friends.... He was enigmatic to a degree that I have never experienced with anybody else.... I don't know and nobody knows precisely what the whole thing is in terms of Paul's wishes or settlements." □

Charlie Hebdo

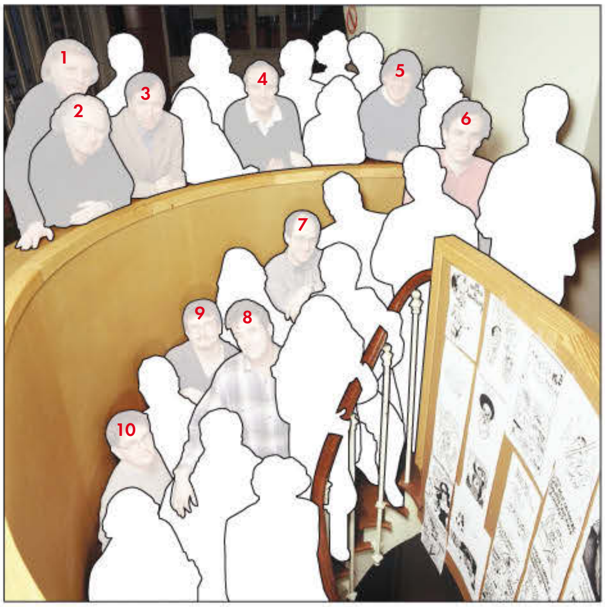
CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87

the carnage daily, in his dreams, and in the exercise in survival that has become his precarious Parisian existence.

His hair dyed blond in an attempt at disguise, Pelloux met me upstairs at Café de Flore, in Saint-Germain. He's 51 but looks younger, a man with a restless energy in his darting eyes. It was a beautiful spring day in Paris, the kind that can only summon whispered gratitude for the gift of life, preferably on the Left Bank. The doctor is followed these days by a retinue of police, dedicated to protecting him from any follow-up squad of jihadist killers, and several psychologists, who monitor the tribulations of his psyche. "I am no longer the same—in fact, I no longer know who I am," Pelloux told me. "The reference points I had disappeared. I saw all my friends with bullets in their heads or thoraxes or abdomens. The killers wanted to assassinate laughter, slaughter the smile. Dictators and torturers never laugh. This was a political act of pure Fascist and Nazi extraction."

The question for the survivor of mass slaughter is always the same: how to carry on, digest the trauma, and deal with the guilt of being alive. Pelloux had to attend a meeting on January 7 of emergency-room doctors and firefighters. Otherwise he would have been at that table; he would be dead. Now he must force himself to look forward. Grief alone will not sustain *Charlie Hebdo.* It has to be conceived, written, drawn, and managed. The process is "violent," Pelloux says. It is wrenching. "We have to get over our mourning. We have to continue with the paper. It's very hard when we are at the table and they are not. Our friends are dead. But we are in the process of being reborn. We must be."

All the money, he muses, complicates this rebirth. It raises, again, the question of the paper's political allegiances. *Charlie,* in its self-image, is of the left, the scrappy outsider rather than the moneyed insider. It is above all of the school that believes there is a right in Western democracies to laugh at everything, to blaspheme, and to commit sacrilege. It's an equal-opportunity, anticlerical mocker unconcerned by bad taste. The paper has taken a brave stand against the murderous and metastasizing jihadist ideology that finds in a literal reading of certain verses of the Koran the justification for the mass murder of those who dare to caricature the Prophet Muhammad. For this stance, it was firebombed in 2011 and has now seen its staff slaughtered. It has, at the same time, been widely accused of "Islamophobia," more often associated with the French po-



KEY The *Charlie Hebdo* staff in February 2000. Some of those killed in the attack 15 years later include: cartoonist Philippe Honoré (**1**); cartoonist Georges Wolinski (**2**); economist and writer Bernard Maris (**3**); cartoonist Jean "Cabu" Cabut (**5**); cartoonist Bernard "Tignous" Verlhac (**8**); and cartoonist and *Charlie* editorial director Stéphane "Charb" Charbonnier (**10**). Cartoonist and author Laurent "Riss" Sourisseau (**6**), who was wounded in the attack, is now the publishing director of the paper. Journalist Philippe Val (**4**), the *Charlie* editor and director who helped relaunch the satirical political weekly in 1992 (it had folded in 1981), left in 2009. Journalist Gérard Biard (**7**) is now editor in chief; cartoonist Rénald "Luz" Luzier (**9**) drew the post-attack Muhammad cover and has said he will quit in September.

litical right and the National Front than the left.

In 2006, *Charlie* re-published Danish cartoons of the Prophet Muhammad and ran a cover with the title "Muhammad Overwhelmed by Fundamentalists," with the Prophet saying, "It's hard being loved by jerks." The paper's point has been pretty consistent: violent and fundamentalist Islam is a political movement and fair game for its barbs. The anti-Zionist, generally pro-Palestinian French left and France's five million Muslims have taken a different view. Dalil Boubakeur, the president of the French Council of the Muslim Faith, told me *Charlie* exemplifies "an occidental vision of Islam that is perfectly hostile." He called the French Republic's *laïcité*—its fiercely secular identity—"a passport to repress the rights of Muslims."

Emmanuel Todd, a historian and sociologist, has described the millions who demonstrated in support of *Charlie* after the killing as implicitly demanding "the right to blaspheme Islam," which he characterized as the religion of the "oppressed." He wrote that "millions of French people rushed into the street to assert, as a priority need of their society, the right to spit on the religion of the weakest." In their way, the six writers who withdrew from the PEN American Center's annual gala after it decided to give a freedom-of-expression award to *Charlie* made a similar point. One of them, Peter Carey, told *The New York Times* that PEN was seemingly blind to "the cultural arrogance of the French nation, which does not recognize its moral obligation to a large and disempowered segment of their population."

A certain discourse has been gaining traction in France, home to large Muslim and Jewish communities. Put crudely, it is that Muslims are poor and vulnerable. They are weak immigrants, and they are victims, while the country's nearly 500,000 Jews are rich and strong and influential and adept at exploiting their past victimhood in the Holocaust. The miserable Muslim, the wealthy cosmopolitan Jew: in a combustible France, susceptible to the seeping poison of Middle East politics, the idea has legs.

Dieudonné M'bala M'bala, a self-styled comedian and popularizer of an inverted Nazi-like salute known as the *quenelle,* has successfully trafficked in such notions. He has said the Jews were "former slave traders who turned themselves into bankers," and that he's tired of the "pajama-dressed Jew" of the Holocaust and prefers Bernard "Give Me Your Money to Manage" Madoff. Roger Cukierman, the president of the Representative Council of Jewish Institutions in France, told me the prejudice he encounters most often is that "all the Jews are rich and they control the media."

I asked Bernard-Henri Lévy, the writer and philosopher, what he thought of this trend. "Money is demonized more and more in France," he said. "There's an almost sexual phobia of money that is invading the country. It's dangerous. Money has ethical value. It fixes compromises. It avoids violence. It stops things' becoming idols. People wage war over idols and kill each other."

Now, of course, *Charlie* is rich. It is also suspected of "Islamophobia." Conflate the two and you have a paper that has betrayed its leftist past, condoned French racism toward Muslims in its obsession with jihadist Islamism, and moved to the pro-Israel right. This is the treacherous cultural and political terrain on which it treads. From all this to the view that *Charlie* got what it merited from the poor Muslims it insulted is not a huge leap—even if it is a grotesque one.

No matter that, in the January killing spree, the four victims of a jihadist fanatic at the kosher supermarket in Porte de Vincennes really were Jews, and the two armed killers of helpless civilians at *Charlie* really were Muslims. Conspiracy theories, as after 9/11, quickly arose on various French Web sites suggesting that the attacks were in fact the work of the C.I.A., Mossad, American neoconservatives, or liberal hawks—prompting Jean-Yves Camus to denounce, in *Charlie,* a 15-year-old trend "to exonerate, totally, Islamism and radical Islamism from all moral and material responsibility for terrorism and intellectual intimidation in France."

Pelloux refuses to be intimidated. "We have to talk of Islamofascism. We have to call it by its name," he told me. "We cannot go back to the Middle Ages. You don't kill people because they make cartoons and laugh. It's crazy. Islamic State wants to destroy everything, lead us to nothingness. If they have their way we'll have to go into museums—the Met, the MoMA—and destroy the Picassos, repaint every canvas. We are at war. I wake up saying to myself, We are at war—an underhand war. When I see all these kids going off to fight in Syria, I feel like we're in the midst of collective hysteria."

To see through the fog, to preserve open societies, good journalism is needed. Good journalism, investigative journalism, costs money. "Now *Charlie* has the means to do this," Pelloux said. "In economic terms, we were in ruins. Now we have millions. Our responsibility is to manage the money well because our democracy needs us."

The Battle of Ideas

Money has raised its head before at *Charlie.* The 2006 Muhammad cover also led to a windfall. At the time, Philippe Val, who re-founded *Charlie* with the now murdered Cabut in 1992, was the editor of the publication. It was his decision to publish the Danish cartoons. When he left the paper, in 2009, a brouhaha erupted over the fact that he and Cabut had distributed dividends to themselves worth some

KEY BY JASON LEE. PHOTOGRAPH BY BAUMANN/SIPA USA

300,000 euros after tax, or about $360,000 at the time. Val, in effect, was accused of taking the Muhammad money and running.

I met Val for lunch at Casa Bini, a trendy Italian joint on the Rue Grégoire de Tours, just off the Boulevard Saint-Germain. He's a blunt, funny, choleric man who once played music for a living, doing gigs in big and small towns around France, learning the country's quirks. He's angry now over what he sees as a drift in national culture that leads to jihadist Islamism's being viewed as a social problem—Muslims are poor and marginalized and therefore they get radicalized—rather than a cultural and ideological problem for which poverty and alienation are no excuse. The end point of such thinking, he argues, is that slaughter becomes the victims' fault. "Or," he says, "it's the fault of the rich; it's the fault of the Jews."

He took a bite of a mozzarella salad—he'd declined pasta because, he said, he always ends up staining his shirt—and declared with some vehemence, "I am absolutely furious since the attacks, because they occurred on favorable cultural soil."

And what, I asked, of the famous dividends? A complete misunderstanding, Val insisted. After the Danish cartoons, he had reached the conclusion it was time to move on from *Charlie.* He and Cabut decided they wanted to cede their 40 percent stakes to a young generation at the paper—Charbonnier and Sourisseau—but neither had the money for the shares. "We could not undersell or the tax authorities would have pursued us, so the solution, on legal advice, was to pay out large dividends in order to be able to sell the shares for a symbolic value, in effect give *Charlie* to Charb and Riss as a present."

Val laughed: "We founded the paper with our money. We ran it for 17 years, during which *Charlie* grew and prospered. And then I get hammered on the head because I made some money when I left! But it's my money! It's crazy!"

Now the former editor was launched on a riff about money. It is, he suggested, the key to understanding France's problems. Broadly, in French society, the rich are bad and the poor are good. So, a terrorist who is poor is somebody who should be understood rather than condemned. Money is the real evil; responding to poverty with violence somewhat less so.

Since the massacre, there have been rumors that Val might try to return to *Charlie,* possibly with financial backing from his friend Elisabeth Badinter, a French author, the wife of the former justice minister Robert Badinter, and the daughter and heiress of Marcel Bleustein-Blanchet, the Jewish founder of the huge Publicis advertising-and-public-relations group. "The Jews, the media, and money—it's a classic anti-Semitic rumor!," Val said, adding that under no circumstances would he return to the paper.

Certainly, Val would face a cool reception if he tried. Charbonnier, to whom he left the paper, once said Val took *Charlie* away from its roots, calling him "atypical" and suggesting he had aligned himself with big business interests. Val's decision in 2008 to fire the cartoonist Maurice Sinet, known as "Siné," for an allegedly anti-Semitic piece and cartoon about Jean Sarkozy, the son of the former president, and his Jewish-heiress fiancée, Jessica Sebaoun-Darty, is still controversial. It gives rise to accusations that *Charlie* has a double standard, even if mocking Islam, a religion that has spawned a murderous political movement, and gratuitously demeaning a specific Jewish citizen are not the same thing.

As for the idea of turning *Charlie* into some kind of cooperative, or collective, Val thinks it would be a disaster. "These people who want to change the paper's status dislike money, but money makes them crazy. In general, people who hate money are obsessed by it. Not liking money is similar to not liking the air you breathe. It's a useful transactional tool that humanity invented and needs. When I read that they believe their cause is not financial but moral, I just had to laugh. C'est formidable!"

No quick resolution of the conflict within the paper seems likely. The proponents of a cooperative and an equal division of capital among all staffers have hired two lawyers, including Antoine Comte, an odd choice in that he has in the past defended radical Islamists and suggested use of the word "terrorism" normally reflects "political opportunism." An unnamed lawyer for *Charlie,* in comments to the news agency Agence France-Presse, said the owners were still "a long way" from any reflection about the ownership. "All this money does more harm than good," the lawyer was quoted as saying. "This whole thing makes one think of those funerals where people are already fighting on the way back from the cemetery for the jewels of Grandma."

Pelloux tried to play down differences. He said the manifesto in *Le Monde* was not "a statement meant as defiance toward the directors of the paper." The paper's leaders were showing great courage in dealing with "a fortune gained through a massacre in which we all lost our friends." Given the dimensions of the decisions *Charlie* faces—how much money should go to the families of the victims, whether to set up a foundation to defend freedom of expression, how to guarantee the paper's financial future once the first wave of enthusiasm fades—the involvement of everyone would be best to avoid misunderstandings or misuse of funds, he suggested. For things to be resolved, Pelloux predicted, "we will need a minimum of a year."

What happens to a newly wealthy *Charlie* is critically important—for the memory of the dead and for the future of France. At a time of sharp tensions between a large Muslim population, often discriminated against, and a fearful Jewish population, frank exchanges of ideas are needed, and that can be based only on a journalism that is unfearful, uncowed, and financially strong. If stereotyping wins and dialogue dies, both communities will suffer. The battle of ideas in the "underhand war" to which Pelloux alluded will be long, and, as he said to me, "we are only at the beginning of it." At stake are Western values, freedom of expression, and, in the end, democracy itself.

"Everything Is Absurd"

Charlie is unused to its new moneyed and global status, and uncomfortable with it. It is adapting as best it can. Luzier, the cartoonist known as "Luz" and a man widely seen as the soul of the paper, has said he will quit in September. Speaking of "the melancholy of the unrecoverable," he told the newspaper *Libération* that the burden had been "too much to bear" and that *Charlie* is "in post-traumatic shock." Earlier he had summed up the dismay when he told *Vice:* "The money we have is absurd. The number of readers we have is absurd. All the support we have is magnificent but also absurd. I do not know how we will manage to emerge from all this absurdity."

Charlie's pain cannot be assuaged. But its future can be assured through its sudden fortune. For that, overcoming the view of money as evil would be useful. P&L matters, outside the realm of the absurd. But seeing money otherwise, as a liberating source of independence that is best maximized, would also be un-French and is therefore unlikely. "I don't know if the paper can survive," Pelloux said. "Money is a poisoned gift. Still, we are alive." □

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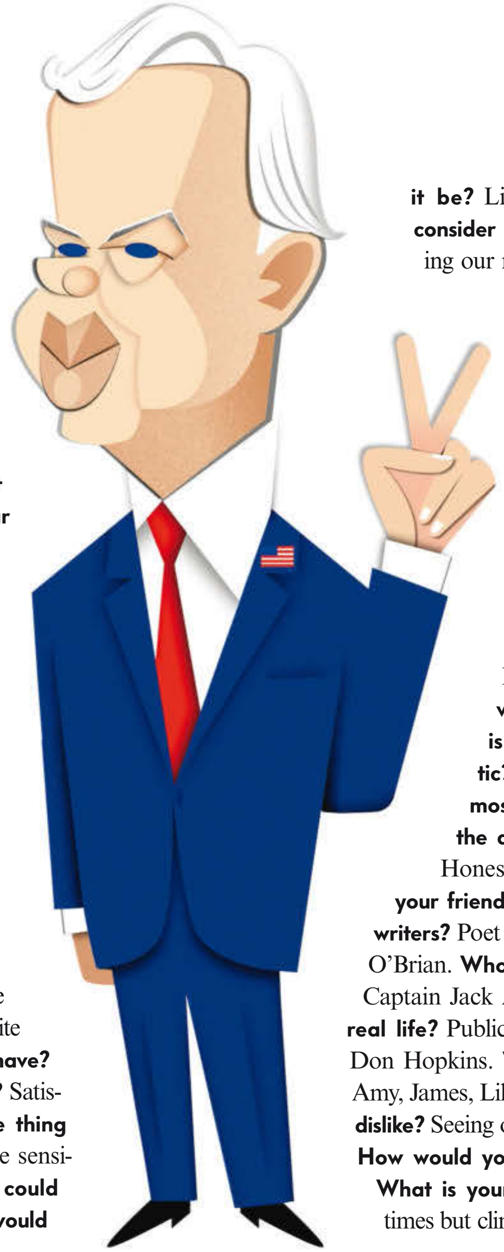
PROUST QUESTIONNAIRE

Jimmy CARTER

America's Nobel Peace Prize–winning 39th president, now 90 and about to publish his 29th book, *A Full Life*, reflects on conflicts in the Middle East, his beloved wife, and fly-fishing

What is your idea of perfect happiness? Being at home with my wife. **What is your greatest fear?** Betraying my religious principles. **Which historical figure do you most identify with?** Harry Truman. **Which living person do you most admire?** My wife, Rosalynn. **What is the trait you most deplore in yourself?** Being self-satisfied. **What is the trait you most deplore in others?** Arrogance. **What is your greatest extravagance?** Fly-fishing gear. **What is your favorite journey?** To a good trout stream. **What do you consider the most overrated virtue?** Self-esteem. **On what occasion do you lie?** To avoid hurting someone. **What do you dislike most about your appearance?** Being short and stooped. **Which living person do you most despise?** Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi. **Which words or phrases do you most overuse?** "I." **What is your greatest regret?** Not gaining freedom for American hostages held by Iran sooner. **What or who is the greatest love of your life?** My wife, Rosalynn. **When and where were you happiest?** Doing the work of the Carter Center after leaving the White House. **Which talent would you most like to have?** Painter. **What is your current state of mind?** Satisfaction, happiness. **If you could change one thing about yourself, what would it be?** Be more sensitive to feelings of people around me. **If you could change one thing about your family, what would it be?** Live closer together. **What do you consider your greatest achievement?** Keeping our nation at peace and bringing peace to others. **If you were to die and come back as a person or thing, what do you think it would be?** A boy like myself. **If you could choose what to come back as, what would it be?** An outdoorsman, forester, or wildlife manager. **What do you regard as the lowest depth of misery?** Being alone, if I had disgraced myself. **Where would you like to live?** In Plains, Georgia. **What is your favorite occupation?** Author. **What is your most marked characteristic?** Tenacity. **What is the quality you most like in a man?** Honesty. **What is the quality you most like in a woman?** Honesty. **What do you most value in your friends?** Honesty. **Who are your favorite writers?** Poet Dylan Thomas and novelist Patrick O'Brian. **Who is your favorite hero of fiction?** Captain Jack Aubrey. **Who are your heroes in real life?** Public-health doctors William Foege and Don Hopkins. **What are your favorite names?** Amy, James, Lillian, Earl. **What is it that you most dislike?** Seeing our democracy subverted by money. **How would you like to die?** Peacefully, at home. **What is your motto?** "Accommodate changing times but cling to unchanging principles."



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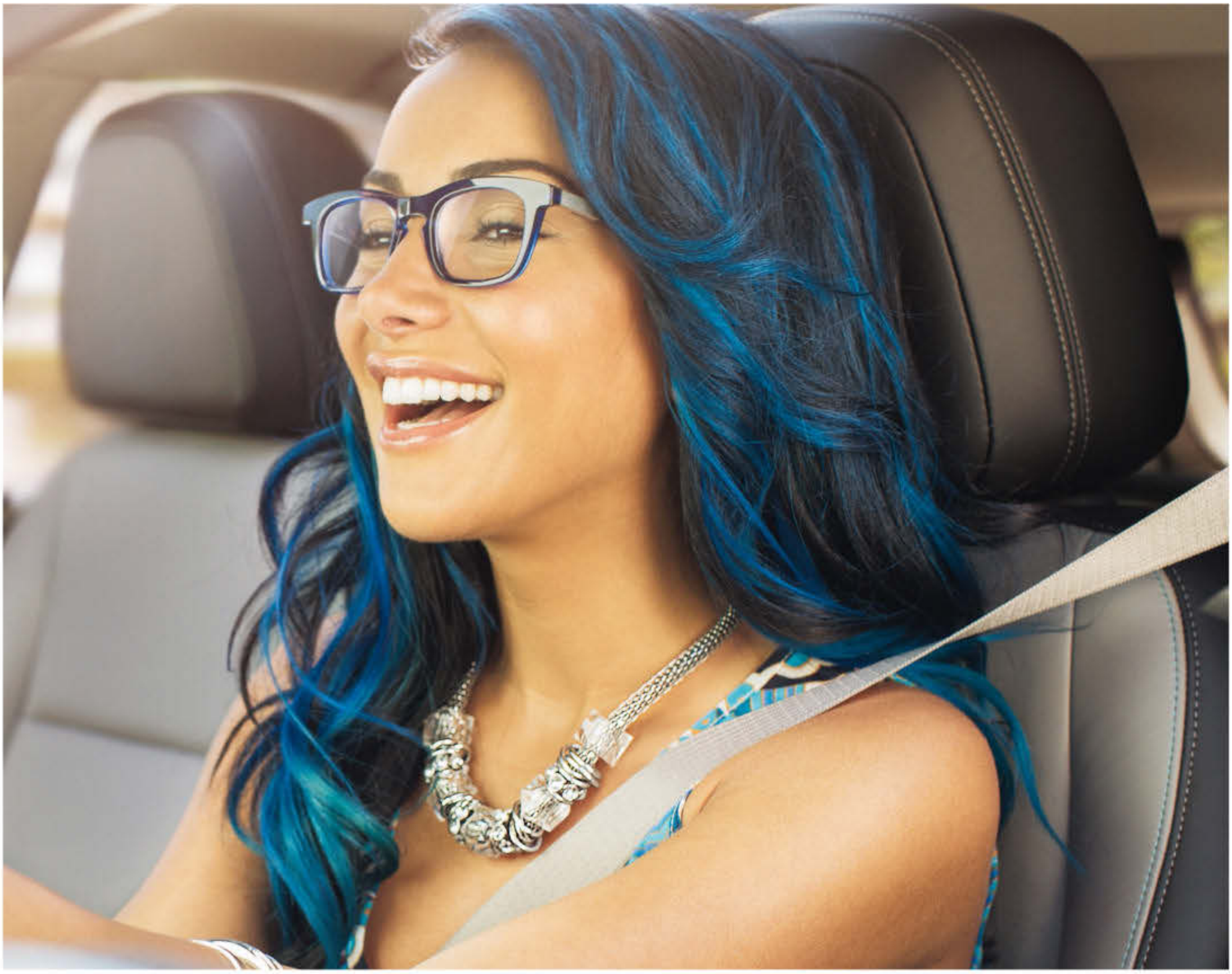

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